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## LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.\*

THIS is the title of Mr. Campbell's late work on Algiers, a neat little volume which now lies before us. It is upon a most interesting and fresh topic, and full of lively matter. The muse of Mr. Campbell has been for sometime silent. Though a highly popular one, she has not been frequently persuaded into publicity, and is sufficiently chary of those charms, which, to those who have once known them, might well risk a more frequent unveiling to the moon. For the last ten years he has performed little of any consequence. As an editor of the New Monthly, he did nothing, always excepting his excellent lectures on poetry, which might bear republication now with safety. His verses, of that period, have been thought inferior to those which won for him so high and cherished a fame. His "Theodoric" was not successful, though full of touching and sweet poetry; and though many of the lyrics which accompanied that poem, were full of the genuine and sacred fire, the work, upon the whole, failed to secure any strong regard in the estimation of its readers. Subsequently, he took a warm interest in the wars of Polish freedom, and his lyre was smitten with the passionate fury of the patriot, if not with the virgin enthusiasm and freshness of the poet. He wrote several small odes on this topic, which were fruitless, as well in reference to the success of the Poles, as of the poet. They did not command much consideration from the public, and we know the melancholy results which attended the Polish struggle. Such has been the brief summary of Mr. Campbell's literary career in latter days. We do not care, nor is it necessary, to look back at his earlier and greater achievements. They are already well enough known. It is with sorrow we review his latter days, and regret his limited performances. He is now in the wane of life, and his decline, we are still more sorry to believe, will somewhat lack the cheering consolation which must arise from a consciousness of having kept clear of wilful errors. He is now said, like Brougham, to have sunk into gross and degrading excess, and to have given to the orgies of Bacchus the offerings of a mind which were worthy of a far loftier Deity. It is this degrading worship which has fettered and enfeebled the wings of his spirit, and kept back his muse from her higher and truer flights. It is melancholy to believe this scandal, but we fear it is now unquestionable. No more of this.

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\* "Letters from the South, written during a Journey to Algiers, by Thomas Campbell, &c."

The journey of Mr. Campbell to Algiers, seems to have sprung from a sudden impulse. Looking over a book of ancient geography, his eyes rested upon a point of the map, which indicated the ancient Roman city of Iconium,—the present site of Algiers. "Its recent eventful history"—we use his own words, "rushed full on my thoughts, and seemed to rebuke them for dwelling on the dead more than the living. The question of how widely, and how soon, this conquest of Algiers may throw open the gates of African civilization,—is it not infinitely more interesting than any musty old debate among classic topographers? To confine our studies to mere antiquities is like reading by candlelight with our shutters closed, after the sun has risen. So I closed the volume I was perusing, and wished myself with all my soul at Algiers."

Desiring thus, it seems to have been of easy effort to move in the prosecution of his wishes; and accordingly, having procured a few books relating to the country he proposed to visit, Mr. Campbell set out from Paris for Marseilles, whence he sailed in a merchant vessel for Algiers the day after his arrival, being desirous of getting across the Mediterranean before the season of the equinoctial gales; though, subsequently, he learned "that these gales are not so punctual in their visits to the Mediterranean during the autumn as to other seas." In six days he crossed the Mediterranean. The passage seems to have been no pleasant one. "Twelve of us," says the author, "adult passengers, besides an obstreperous child of four years old, were potted alive in a cabin nine feet square. There was no refuge during the day-time on deck, for it seemed to be kept from being set on fire by the sun only by incessant buckets of water." Passing between the islands of Majorca and Minorca, though without seeing distinctly the features of either of their shores, the poet went on, until within thirty miles he saw the "whole portion of the Algerine territory, which stretches on the east along cape Matifon, and on the west along the peninsula of Sidi Ferrucch, where the French first landed in their invasion of the regency." Mr. C. tells us that "the view of Algiers from the sea is not beautiful." "It is true," he continues, "that the tops of the lesser Atlas form a fine back ground in the south, but the prospect assumes not its full picturesqueness till you come almost within a mile of the shore. Farther off, the city itself looks like a triangular quarry of lime or chalk, on the steep side of a hill, whilst the country houses that dot the adjacent heights seem like little parcels of the same material lying on fields that are to be manured. On nearer approach, however, the imagined quarry turns out to be a surprising city, and the specks on the adjoining hills to be square and castle-like houses, embosomed in groves and gardens." Mr. Campbell continues his description. "No town that I have ever seen possesses, in proportion to its size, so many contiguous villas as Algiers; and their brilliance and high position give a magnificent appearance to this suburban portion of the coast. Meanwhile, the city itself, when you come in full view of it, has an aspect, if not strictly beautiful, at least impressive from its novelty and uniqueness. Independently, indeed, of its appearance, its very name makes the first sight of Algiers create no ordinary sensations, when one

thinks of all the christian hearts that have throbbed with anguish in approaching this very spot. But without these associations, the view of Algiers is interesting from its strangeness to an European eye. It is walled all round in the old style of fortification, its whole menal circuit being, I should think, about a mile and a half. It forms a triangle on the steep side of a hill, the basis of which is close to the sea, while its apex is crowned by the cassaba, or citadel. That strong place was the palace of the last Dey. His predecessors had dwelt at the foot of the town; but so many of them had died a violent death, that Hussein Pacha thought a higher position would enable him to take better care of his loving subjects and faithful Janissaries; so he removed quietly one night, with all his treasures, to the cassaba. Farther off, on a still higher hill, stands the Emperor's fort—so called from having been built by Charles V.—which commands the whole town. The terraced and square houses which rise, seemingly condensed, close behind one another, are, like the forts and city walls, all washed with lime and dazzling as snow. These objects, together with the pier and lighthouse, the batteries, lined, tier over tier, with hundreds of enormous cannon, on the sea-side rocks, give an imposing aspect to the city that seems to justify its old appellation, of "Algiers the warlike." At the same time the mosques and minarets, surmounted by the crescent, remind you that you are now among the Moslems; whilst a palm-tree—which is visible, though remotely, seemed to me like a graceful characteristic feather on the brow of an African landscape."

Such was the picturesque appearance of Algiers to Mr. Campbell as he approached. His interest became so great in surrounding and novel objects that he could not keep below, though, as the day advanced, the deck became burning hot. The officers of health detained them some time, as officers in authority are very apt to do. Campbell had been previously so sick as to bring up blood. He now grew feverish and faint, and almost blind; and when he got on shore he fainted from exhaustion. He had been able to see nothing while landing, except that the young Arabs were fishing and swimming in the harbor as naked as they were born. A barber, with the famous name of Biron, befriended Mr. C., and procured him lodgings where he slept soundly until awakened, not unpleasantly, the next morning, by the chant of the Mouzeens (so spelled by Mr. Campbell) proclaiming the hour of prayer.

The city of Algiers, according to Mr. C., contains 153 streets, 14 blind alleys, and 5 courts or squares. These streets, with one or two exceptions, are narrow, gloomy and crooked. In many of them two persons can scarcely walk abreast; and "if you encounter an ass laden with wood, it behoves you to pull up cleverly to one side, if you wish to keep your lower venter from being torn up by a protruding faggot." Algiers is well supplied with water. There are four aqueducts which bring it from neighbouring heights, and which feed sixty-four public fountains, besides seventy-eight in private houses. For their sewers the Algerines are indebted to the Romans, for their fountains to the Moors. Every fountain, says Mr. C., has a ladle chained to it for the common use, with some arabesque sculpture on the stones and an

inscription from the koran. The population of Algiers, by the French census of 1833, enumerates the inhabitants thus,—11,850 Moors, 1874 Negroes, 5949 Jews, 2185 French (soldiers not included)—1895 other foreigners, making a total of 23,753. With the Turks, before their expulsion by the French, the population was probably 30,000. Algiers has one Catholic church, and fourteen Jewish synagogues. The religious houses of the Musselmans were ten large mosques, and fifty chapels—many of which have been occupied by the French, and some demolished. The mosques are almost all alike, each having a fountain at the entrance flowing into a basin where the true believers perform their ablutions before they prostrate themselves in prayer. Each has an octagonal dome and tall minaret, like our steeples, terminating in a crescent, to which a piece of wood is attached whercon to plant a flag, where the Mouzeen ascends to the battlements of the minaret in order to call the faithful to prayer that his signal may be seen when his voice cannot be heard. Some of the minarets are covered with glazed tiles of different colors, which have a gaudy effect. The largest mosque in Algiers is a long rectangular edifice, divided longitudinally into three naves by two rows of pillars, which form a cross with the former. On each side of the grand nave there are galleries supported on pillars, of which those nearest the door are appropriated to the canaille, while those beyond the dome are appropriated to the gentry. Lustres of glass and lamps are suspended along the grand nave, and among the pillars. The lamps are lighted for evening prayers, the lustres only on greater occasions. Mats of reed and rich carpets are spread along the pavement.

The vapor baths are numerous in Algiers. The chambers are vaulted, paved with marble, and lighted, by small windows, from above. Here you are attended by a Moor who assists in your ablutions. He throws the warm water over you, rubs or rather scrapes the skin, pats and paws the whole body, as if he were kneading dough, singing all the time an Arabian song, and finally drying you with a towel. In former days, the assistant rubbed with pumice stones, and stretched the joints till they cracked. Mr. C. found the bath less invigorating than the cold or tepid bath.

The shops and coffee houses of Algiers are amusing, says Mr. C., for the old Algerine manners which they exhibit. In the best French coffee houses, he saw several Moors whom he recognized by their fine white turbans and dresses, as well as by their manners, to be men of the upper class. Their gentlemanlike air particularly attracted his attention. There was grace in every movement of their white and stately hands. He knew that they were arguing by the tones of their voices, but it was with mildness and light pleasantry, and their Arabic sounded like a musical language in comparison with the guttural harshness of the common speech. They sat on chairs like Europeans; but in the native Algerine coffee houses, the Moors and Arabs squat for hours on benches, making, and sipping black and sugarless coffee, in taste resembling wormpowders. There they play at games similar to our draughts and chess; listening the while to their native minstrels, whose music, to Mr. C's ears, was not less execrable than unintelligible.

They have a finger guitar with four strings, a fiddle with two, and a flageolet, which, though bad, is their best instrument. They also use a drum made of parchment stretched over a jar made of burnt clay. All their music is wretched, and according to our poet, devoid of rythm.

The natives have an opera house where Moresses dance unveiled. Their see-saw movements, Mr. C. calls a dance merely through courtesy. He speaks equivocally of their purity, though one of the dancers, differing widely from the native women generally, he thought exceedingly handsome.

The shops of the Moors and Jews, are in general formed by a recess in the side of the house, some four feet deep and seven long, and raised a step above the ground. Mr. C. was delighted to discover in one of the butcher shops a Scotch luxury in the shape of singed sheep's head, a pleasure little anticipated. The meats in Algiers are of indifferent quality. The general food of the natives is *cousconson*, a preparation of flour like macaroni, enriched with a mixture of the yolk of eggs, and stewed with a little portion of animal food. Mr. C. found it very palatable but highly peppered. Their mutton they preserve unsalted in suet, having first smoked it. "It is," says Mr. C., with some emphasis, "horrible stuff."

The suburban of Algiers, according to the account of Mr. Campbell, is very beautiful. In a ride to the neighboring country houses, he passed through the cemetery of the Jews, fitted with tombs of splendid white marble,—and the gardens of the late Dey. As he advanced, the villas and gardens increased in number; and the vegetable world became lovely and luxuriant. "The fig tree, the orange, the lemon, the olive, the pomegranate, and the jujubier grow wild, or in orchards with little or no cultivation. The cactus, with its massy leaves and fantastic trunk, raises ramparts around the fields or along the road side, while the agavé, a variety of the aloc, shoots up its branches, ten feet high, like the swords of a race of giants. Then, at a certain height, you pass ravines on one side, beneath you, displaying lovely openings into the sea coast, where the waves are whitening its distant rocks." The poet leaves his horse to his servant, and tempted by the beauty of the prospect, descends the ravine. "With delight I heard the gush of a gingling runnel, and followed a stream almost worthy of a Scottish glen that was wimpling from rock to rock. A brown little singing bird flitted before me; I could see it only by glimpses, but its note, though short and twittering, was sweet. Is it possible, I thought to myself, that I am in Africa the torrid?" Well might he ask. This picture is new to us in reference to the same region. "The air was balmy; the banks of the rivulet were thick with wild flowers; I knew not the names of most of them, or merely guessed at them from their resemblance to the productions of our gardens and hot-houses; but this uncertainty no wise diminished my interest in the charming stranger.—*When one meets with a smiling beauty, does it spoil one's admiration not to know her name?*" Mr. Campbell's love for flowers, is fanciful, but natural. His muse has given them some of the sweetest tributes in the language. "They make me dream," says he, in the conclusion of this paragraph, "that I am among graceful and gentle females." This love

of fruits and flowers frequently shows itself in the progress of the volume; and we are continually informed by the traveller on the subject of the floral wealth of Algiers. "I could not tread a step or look a yard around me without seeing floral treasures that were exotic to an Englishman. The garden and shrubbery teem with every fruit and blossom which a rich soil under a powerful sun can be brought to produce. There I saw in flower, on the open ground, the *yucca gloriosa* with its gigantic pyramid of white bolls; the *bignonia rosa sensis*, double and single; with double oleanders, geraniums, and passion flowers in abundance. For fruit trees, there are the almond, the guava, annona or sour sop, the banana and others, too many to enumerate." These items are gathered here and there from different portions of Mr. Campbell's narrative. In another place, he speaks slightly of the French experiments in the same department, which were at first ostentatiously projected. They have established what they call the Garden of Experiment and Naturalization. The object of the establishment is to ascertain by experiment what horticultural productions will best succeed in the country. "On a space of eighty acres there are twenty-five thousand trees, bushes and plants. Mr. Campbell, however, with possibly something of English distrust and scepticism, is disposed to consider this exhibition rather showy than substantial. The allowance made to the establishment by the French government he thinks inadequate to the successful prosecution of the experiment. The tender sort of grain, which the French call "*tuzelle*," has been cultivated with success even upon soil that had not been manured. Hard grain had not been so successful;—oats were indifferent;—cotton has produced abundantly and of good quality—experiments in indigo have been fortunate also, and some specimens of the material have been as beautiful as any that ever came from the East; and olive oil, as good as ever was produced in Provence, has also been produced on private estates in Algiers. The mulberry would also be successful, according to Mr. C., and "as to what might be gained by the culture of indigo, cochineal, senna, tobacco, wine, &c.," though there might be some doubt, there could be none "as to the immense wealth that might be derived from Algerine wine and tobacco." The scarcity of capital, the want of banks, and the general narrowness and selfishness of the French economy in this regency, are the only influences which are likely to keep back the successful prosecution of their experiments. Their difficulties, he thinks, would be overcome, simply by declaring free all the ports of the regency. English capital, then would flow into Algiers, and would bring double the interest which it now produces in England.

Let us now look at the conquest of Algiers by the French. On this part of the subject, Mr. C. is less free in his details, and what we learn from him, we gather from scanty references, dispersed here and there, throughout his book. Some few items on the subject of the Algerine despotism, as it existed prior to the arrival of the French, have their interest, and may be well read in advance of our notice of the invasion. The garrison of Algiers consisted of about 5000 Levantine Turks of the very worst description. Out of these the Dey was chosen. The government—strange to say—was singularly democratic. The last Dey

was a waiter in a coffee house; and one of the most clement of their princes. The Aga of the Janissaries, who married the Dey's daughter, was a wrestler. The Lord High Admiral had been a charcoal burner, and did not lose the manners of his first occupation in the assumption of a higher office. The Algerines were but little humbled by their chastisement,—if so it may be called,—by Lord Exmouth. His victory was not followed up, and “our compromise,” says Mr. C., “with the African barbarism was a stain on the honor of England.” Two concessions, he continues to say, were made to the Dey,—“the meaner that they were secret,—namely, that our flag should not be hoisted in the English Consulate in Algiers, and that Mr. Macdonnell, (who had offended them) should not return as Consul.” Other disgraceful concessions in addition to these were subsequently continued by the English. The Christian Consuls, generally, were obliged to walk bareheaded whenever they came in sight of the Dey’s Palace—they were not allowed to ride by it, though their own servants, if Mahometans, might do so, and they were not permitted to wear a sword in his Highness’ presence. The insolent exactions of the Algerines were increased with these base concessions, and the Dey, on one occasion, actually gave the French Consul a blow with his fan in an altercation which took place between them. For this conduct he refused any reparation, and an inefficient blockade of Algiers by the French only provoked him to mirthful insolence. To this insolence, with the grossest ignorance added, the Dey, says Mr. C., owed his fall. When told that the French could equip 30 ships of the line, he replied, that he knew it to be impossible,—“they have not one ship of the line,—I have it from my correspondent in Italy,—England alone has ships.” When told by an American that the French had brought with them 200 cannons, he ordered him to instant execution for telling him a lie,—an order that was instantly obeyed. On the 4th July, 1830, the French opened their fire on the Emperor’s fort,—it lasted ’till one o’clock of that day, when the native troops deserted it, setting fire to the magazine. The Dey then employed the British Consul to ascertain the terms proposed by the French commander. The answer promptly required the surrender of the town at 10 o’clock of the day ensuing, promising at the same time the security of the Dey’s property and person, and of that of all the inhabitants. His Highness accorded to these terms and signed the Convention. On this second visit, the Consul was admitted to the private chamber which held the treasures of the Dey. The statement will make many a mouth water. “It was paved with stone, for no wooden floor could have borne the weight of them. Golden coins, literally in millions, were lying heaped up like corn in a granary, and several feet high in the walls, the plaster, which had been wet when they had been shovelled in, retained when dry the impression of the coins.” These spoils, excepting such as the Dey spirited away, fell to the French, but disappeared unaccountably afterwards. The invaders took immediate possession, and commenced duly the labor of reform. The National Fort Guard of Algiers, under the French, consists of five or six hundred men. There is a National Horse Guard also, but it reckons only one company. The French have made sundry alterations in the order of existing things—of some of which Mr. C.

doubts the improvement. Many of their changes have given offence; and with the wantonness of licentious soldiery, they have defiled, and desecrated, in some instances the mosques and chapels of worship—an impropriety which the native worshippers, will not be so ready either to forget or forgive. In the burial places, which the Kabyles, or natives, guard with veneration, and which are, indeed, their places of sanctuary, the French "have danced and fiddled with impolitic levity."

The eighth letter of Mr. C. is devoted to a consideration of sundry questions in reference to the future condition of the colony. Will the French retain it, is one question. He answers to this question—"the French nation itself scarcely knows its own mind on the subject," but he thinks they will keep it—"being pledged thereunto by the national pride.' He infers this chiefly from conversations with the officers, civil and military of the colony—overlooking the fact that these *employees* are interested in the result. But we do not gainsay the opinion. Like a true Englishman he next infers it from their supposed apprehensions that England would lay hold on it, in their absence. "If you wish them," says he, "to retain Algiers, your surest way is to begin to squabble about it." To keep Algiers, however, is no easy matter, the expense only considered. It costs France, by his account, a million and a half sterling to support somewhat less than 30,000 soldiers. The second question to which Mr. C. responds, is this: "Will her occupation of the colony repay France for her expenses present and to come?" Not for a long time, says Mr. C., but ultimately it will. Its prospects, as already stated, are golden, from indigo, cotton, sugar and cochineal—of corn he makes no calculations, and doubts "how a country so little irrigated, could ever have been a granary to the Romans." He goes on to say, that it may be made in many respects, "a richly available colony." *It is a conquerable country.* Its mountains are rich in metals and timber. In its Eastern parts, towards Oran and Mostaganem, there is fossil or spontaneous salt enough to supply the whole world with that article; and if the vine, the tobacco plant, the olive, and the silk worm were cherished, the whole universe might sit down with oil to their salads, with silken velvet on their backs, and with segars and wine at the cost of half nothing."

The next question—"how do the natives like the French?"—which Mr. Campbell undertakes to answer,—would seem to be a very idle one, if we did not remember that the Turks, whom the French drove out from Algiers, were the tyrants of the native population. They formed the aristocracy or rather the stratocracy of the Regency. According to Mr. C., the natives have not yet acquired a task for the invaders. The Jews complain that since the arrival of the French, "there has been *point de commershe.*" The Turks, whom they have thumped terribly says, "Bestia!" and is again silent; and a rich Moor in reply to the question put to him by the poet in proper person, replied thus, through his interpreter: "I will answer you with another question. How would you like the French if they had come into England, dug up the bones of your parents and countrymen, and sent off a ship load of them to be used by the sugar bakers of France."

Another question—"Whether old England will suffer damage by the French possession of Algiers?" is more national, and might be expected to produce a more emphatic response from the patriot-poet than any yet delivered. But it does not. Mr. C. discusses the question like an utilitarian, and is singularly cool in its consideration. He thinks, indeed, that "the African wealth of France might make her a better customer for English manufactures." The more important question follows:

"How far the general cause of human happiness and civilization is likely to be affected by the French occupation of Algiers?" His answer to this question, though not remarkable for its profundity, is yet comprehensive, and we cannot do better than by giving the response entire. It concludes the eighth chapter.

"The moment an Englishman can divest himself of apprehensions, as I think he safely may, that the French can do any harm to England by retaining Algiers, it will be natural, at the first view of the subject, for the liberality of his heart to argue thus: France is by much the more civilized nation, and her dominion ought to insure some chance of civilization, as she has already brought into Algiers the abolition of hideous punishments, and the knowledge of arts and sciences that diminish bigotry and barbarism. Yes, my friend, this position is true; and its truth is some consolation to me. When I go out to the gate of Babazoun, and am shown the spot where the Jews used to be burnt alive, and where criminals were precipitated from a high wall, to be caught by hooks half-way down, and detained in tortures for perhaps a week, I bless the event that has put Algiers under any dominion that will exclude such horrors. At the outside of that dreadful gate, as late as 1813, a friend of mine, too authentic an informant, saw a state criminal chained to a post to be starved alive. The sufferer was a florid, stout man on the first day of his punishment, and he bore the pangs of famine for several days with heroic fortitude; but on the ninth day he was heard screaming for water to quench his thirst, and died with his bones coming through his skin.

"Further, in spite of all that I hear and see as to the difficulty of getting the natives to coalesce with their conquerors, I cannot divest my mind of the idea that the French will ultimately plant here the most important arts and sciences that tend to abate human misery. The Mussulman's bigotry must ultimately retreat before civilization; and God knows there is room enough for improvement in this barbarous land. The native population, though it will sometimes show you heads and forms worthy of a scriptural picture, exhibits incomparably more numerous objects of such wretchedness as you would not meet with in a European city; elephantiasis and blindness are excessively common; and disease and poverty may be said to walk the streets. Until the French arrived there was scarcely a European surgeon or physician in the regency, except some runaway druggists' 'prentices from Christendom; now there is an established school both of surgery and medicine, under the inspection of talented men. The doctrine of fatalism opposes itself *in limine* to the very profession of medicine and surgery. A French officer, who has written an account of the conquest, describes an interesting scene which he witnessed between a young Arab, who was brought in wounded to the French camp, and his aged father, who came to visit him. The leg-bone of the youth had been shattered, but his life might have been saved by amputation of the limb. The old man hung over him in agony, beseeching him not to offend God and Mahomet by submitting to the operation. His son followed the advice, and Mahomet took him to himself in reward of his piety. There are, nevertheless, Moors and Jews who pretend to make both clinical and surgical cures, and women who are called in as *sages femmes*; but the native doctors know not a tittle of anatomy, and scarcely the names of their own medicines, many of which are noxious in the cases in which they are prescribed. In surgery they understand not even the use of a lancet. They console the cholic, the stone, and pleurisy with the application of red-hot iron to the suffering parts. This treatment often elicits shrieks of assurance from the patients that they are perfectly cured, and intreaties that the application

may be removed. They bleed and amputate with a razor, and stop haemorrhage with boiling pitch. Dr. Abernethy, in lecturing on the disease of wens, said that he knew not how to cure them, and that perhaps whistling to them was not the worst prescription. In like manner, it is possible that the amulets bestowed on the Algerines by their holy marabouts are amongst the most innocent of their cures.

Enormous mortality and suffering necessarily result from this ignorance of the healing art. For *one* hideous malady they know no sort of remedy. The blood of the sufferer runs infected in his veins all his life, and makes his children also its victims. When the plague used to come here, its ravages exceeded all conception; whole villages and cities have been known to be unpeopled by it; harvests rotted on the ground for want of reapers; and flocks and herds wandered wide without a master. Large encampments of the Arabs might be met with, where the dead lay unburied under their tents. Leweson, who witnessed the Plague of Algiers in 1787, says that, of an evening, the only sounds to be heard were the lamentations at funerals and the howlings of the jackals.

I am restrained only by the disagreeableness of the subject from mentioning other instances of the human misery resulting from ignorance and barbarism in this country; but I assure you that I have seen enough to convince me that the retention of the country by France as a *point d'appui* for the entrance of European civilization into Africa is a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

I have already alluded more than once to the faults which the French have committed since their occupation of the colony, including, under the gentle denomination of faults, a few useless murders committed on the natives. With regard to this subject, however, I am deterred from bestowing my prolixity upon you by two considerations. In the first place, the French themselves speak with regret of those occurrences which have sullied their character for humanity; their press has indignantly exposed them; and it is my firm opinion, if France perseveres in retaining Algiers, that she will learn, as we ourselves have certainly learnt in India, to a certain degree, the policy of being just and humane. In the next place, I should feel it my duty, as an Englishman criminatting the cruelties of the French in northern Africa, to cast a glance at the question whether our own conduct in Caffraria has been perfectly immaculate? In my opinion, the latter country could make out a stronger case against us than Algiers could against the French: so on this topic I shall abstain from drawing up any special indictment against the French, though I leave you to understand in general that their conduct would admit of amelioration."

We have now said all that is sufficient towards giving our readers an idea of this new work of Mr. Campbell. It certainly gives us much information upon a region of country at once little known and interesting. We have confined ourselves in our selections and analysis, simply to the political and passing history, and have forborne to regard the many and pleasant little anecdotes in which these letters abound. At a future day we may select from these in a notice of different character. At present, our brief limits warn us to close; and we do so, with a friendly suggestion to the reader, to procure the work, and avail himself of its contents.

## TOBACCO, "THE DEAR WEED."

My cigar falls to ashes,  
Another I'll take;  
But man when he falls  
He'll ne'er more awake.  
Then let us be brotherly  
In peace and in war,  
We'll shake hands together,  
And smoke our cigar.—OLD SONG.

ALL men have serious moments—times of moralizing—seasons of contemplation, for no one's life is a serene summer. No one can look upon himself and say that he never knew a moment of pain, agony or remorse—that disappointment of any kind never met him in the path of life—that no cloud ever obscured his brightly opening hopes. As well might we "see roses in December, or ice in June," as look for the man, over whom, however even the tenor of his life, no blighting change has come—whose hopes have never been withered—whose best purposes have never been crossed—whose dearest friends have never drank of the dark stream of Lethe. Alas! it is for none to escape what has been fixed as the common lot of all. By dread experience we must all find, sooner or later, that oftentimes what we would have we could not, and what we would not, to that we must sometimes, however reluctantly, submit. I have said that all men have serious moments, and perhaps there is nothing for which they should be more grateful, as they are frequently followed by the most beneficial effects. Seasons of contemplation are often produced by comparatively trivial causes, and to no one do they oftener happen than to the confirmed smoker. Even I, little given as I am to the practice, am in some degree an illustration and confirmation of the foregoing remark; for nothing was further from my thoughts, when I commenced writing, than indulging in aught of the serious vein, but, before I had well completed the first line, I was forcibly reminded of the absence of somewhat, wherewith I am accustomed to regale the morning hours. Sensibility immediately informed me of my omission, and contractility extended my hand to the box by my side. Alas! I felt my hand gliding swiftly over the bottom, searching every nook and crevice, and at last, slowly withdrawing itself, empty as it entered. How I looked at that hand—one withering, indignant glance at the open palm, and I suffered it to fall, almost unconsciously, upon the pen by my side. Soon a settled calm took the place of angry disappointment, and I pursued my writing, but in a vein how different from my original intention. I felt seriously, powerfully, the evanescence of all things here below—our constant liability to disappointment, and I could not pursue a merry vein, until I beheld some beautiful "real Havanas" jumping into my box, and then my heart, how it beat, as the cigars rolled one after another into the receptacle by my side. Jump, jump went my full heart, sending forth into the avenue of my feelings powerful gushings of joy. How quick sensibility prompted contractility, who was not backward in receiving the hint, but, in a moments time, elevated a sweet scented, well rounded cigar between my thumb and forefinger, there to be poised in supreme delight, until, fire being brought

and applied, the dear leaf was hugged between my lips—my breath was drawn inward, and the curling smoke lavished its sweet kisses upon every portion of my face, and then rolled off, conveying my delight in incense to the skies.

Then came the sweet calm, the genial flow of renovated spirits. All things seemed to smile without, and reader, doubt it not, I felt the dimpled smile in my very heart's blood. Indeed 'twas so—my blood smiled, and, smiling, diffused itself throughout every portion of my body. Nor was my brain behind the rest, in partaking of the sweet influence. Soon it gave evident tokens of a change. The organs, one after another, began to move and slowly to turn on their grating hinges, until the sides before uppermost became completely reversed, and a more merry humor was diffused over all my protuberances. I was upon the point of giving myself up entirely to this new influence, when the thought struck me,—yes, at that very auspicious moment, the thought struck me, that many envious and malignant persons in the world hate to see a man enjoy himself—hate quiet—hate benevolence—and of course hate thee, most divine cigar, (whose ashes I must now thump off, or they will devastate my paper.) Yes, by some thou art hated, and only because thou art the originator, nourisher and maturer of a vast deal of good, promoter of the best affections, and restorer of the sunken spirits. And truly thou art the most precious and gracious of nature's gifts—whose virtues are diffused through every clime, improving, comforting, refining mankind—the smoke of whose incense kisses the skies and before whose serene influence troubles, trials and vexations of every kind roll off in a thick cloud of pure delight. Even he, around whose brain no grateful and odorous fumes ply their vapory wings, cannot mistake the peculiar virtues of *palmy* tobacco leaves—of leaves that breathe with our breath and return the frequent pressure of our lips with the sweetest of all kisses—the kiss of perfect satisfaction.

"Sublime tobacco! which from east to west  
Cheers the tar's labour, or the Turkman's rest.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe  
When tipp'd with amber, yellow, rich and ripe;  
Like other charmers wooing the caress  
More daringly, when daring in full dress;  
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far  
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar."

And is he a philanthropist, or rather is he not a most confirmed misanthrope, that would decry thee—that would endeavor to banish thee from society, and not content with maligning thy influence, attempts also to defame thy appearance? Oft declaring

"I see no more in thee than in the ordinary  
Of nature's sale work."

Vile traducer! but I will defend thee, my good cigar, and cry out to my opponent in the language of Kate:

"Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak  
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe;  
Your betters have endured me say my mind  
And, if you cannot, best stop your ears."

To him who says that all thy joys are imagined—who dins into our ears that

"Such tricks hath strong imagination;  
That if it would but apprehend some joy,  
It comprehends some bringer of that joy."

I will say that he little dreams of the felicity of the true smoker—that he cannot, except by experience, learn what a mighty influence the tobacco leaf exerts. It amuses me greatly to hear persons fuss and fret about the use of tobacco; designating it by all sorts of opprobrious epithets, and I am tempted to exclaim with the prettiest Kate in all christendom:

"Frets call you these; quoth she, I'll fume with them."

No, my dear cigar. I am determined never to give you up, but to guard you to my latest breath, therefore

"Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me,"

for

"Here, love, thou see'st how diligent I am,"

and

"I am sure, sweet puff, this kindness merits thanks."

So now, while I am doing my best in your behalf, I beg you to hold well your Promethean fire, and be sure not to burn on one side more than the other, for, in so doing, you would cause me much vexation, and perhaps induce me to give you a few ugly slaps that might rather harshly remind thee of thy negligence.

And, now, inspire me with odorific powers that your praise may be well told and your cause victoriously defended and your triumph will be certain over the evil minded generation that seeks to destroy you.

A wise and experienced ruler, before entering upon a war either offensive or defensive, makes the most diligent inquiry into the state of his resources—the number of his effective forces, &c. Nor does it appear to me necessary, to pursue any different course in entering upon the defence of tobacco against its avowed enemies. At any rate, I shall marshall my clan—"their swords a thousand—their hearts but one." I make no vain boast of being able to call spirits from the vastly deep, but I do say that there are blithe and noble spirits on this earth that "will come when I do call."

Advance, ye natural philosophers, ye that search into the causes of things, and dive into the truths of the material world. Lo! their Pæan sounds and thousands of voices in mingled cadence, speak of the configuration, divisibility, decay and indestructibility of matter, and, with united joy, hail for their illustration the finely modeled cigar—whose fragrance diffuses itself far and wide, and which at last falls to the earth in a shower of ashes—decayed, but not lost, for it is matter still. Happy, cry they, those who contribute so manifestly to illustrate the phenomena of the material world. Unfurl our banner, and let our war cry be, "cigars or death!"

Behold the extended line of grave and stately metaphysicians. On their banner a full length representation of friend Hobbes, with his ne-

ver failing pipe. With one voice they ask, what has called us from our profound meditations? How they started, when told that they were called upon to defend the inestimable right of using the contemplative, mind opening weed. With a consentient shout they cried, "show us the enemy—we will never deliver up the key, that unlocks the strong holds of our minds—on, on, let us not delay!"

Next came a band of phrenologists, with new and bright uniforms. I must say that I was surprised to behold them, not knowing that I could claim them. But my doubts were soon cleared up by a young fellow, whose stomach seemed to have changed places with his head, so large and protruding was the latter, compared with the former. Sir, said he, you appear surprised—be so no longer, but know that "having lately made several examinations with reference to the point in question, we have invariably found a remarkable development of the reasoning power on those heads, the mouths of which are most steadily graced with the "dear weed," therefore we hesitate not to bring our *battering rams* to assist in the glorious cause. Our cry is "heads protrude!"

Ah! What do I see! Here come the philanthropists;—I tremble;—they must be enemies;—I was on the point of sounding the alarm when their leader stepped forward, holding the olive branch in his right hand. Sir, said he, we are your friends from necessity—a necessity, sir, brought on by the improper conduct of mankind. Notwithstanding all that we can say, men will indulge themselves to excess in the good things of this life. They will eat more than they can properly digest, wherefore it seems absolutely necessary to allow them some stimulus, and as the "weed" is incomparably the best for this, we yield and shall fight manfully for it; for we fear the substitute that might be adopted in case of the success of the enemy.

A crowd now approached with pickaxes, hammers and wallets slung over their shoulders. Their appearance being much superior to that of common mechanics, I earnestly regarded them as they wound their way among the neighboring hills, every now and then halting to hammer some of the precipitous ledges or to pick up a pebble that lay in their path. Good, hearty, healthy looking fellows, they must be friends to our cause, but we will listen to their leader who now steps forth. Sir, said he, we are geologists and have come uncalled, but supposing that possibly you were acquainted only with the geologists of a false theory, we have come to testify our interest in the present cause, and also to point out how intimately it concerns our theory. Sir, we believe that matter is continually changing places and appearances,—that when one earth decays, another is formed out of the wreck. Not that this is substantiated by the smoking of cigars, where one form of matter loses its identity without being immediately converted into another, but that this same smoking helps the decay of matter, and, consequently, advances the period when the present earth will be destroyed and another formed,—an event of which our sect of geologists are very desirous, therefore we shall assist your cause to the best of our ability.

Then came a thick cloud of students of every kind and degree, who ranged themselves quickly and unhesitatingly under our banner. Now might be seen ministers and religious men without number, all declaring

the striking manner in which smoking illustrates the evanescence and vapory nature of all things here below, and among these were found good men of whatever tribe or nation.

Our troops are now collected, and ready for the battle, with the dregs of the earth,—those low, evil minded souls who are incapable of any conception of good or of real pleasure. And let us examine what is objected to our cause. Let us see where they have picked up weapons to oppose us.

We are often accused of corrupting the air,—of destroying the healthy state of the atmosphere, than which nothing can be more false. Indeed we believe, and we are not singular on this point, that tobacco smoke is highly beneficial to the atmosphere,—that it is the destroyer of bad influence floating about. The preservative powers of tobacco are generally acknowledged, nor is there any reason for believing that its virtue would be lost by its conversion into smoke. In my opinion it is the highly purifying nature of this weed which renders it so disagreeable to the bad. Its *elevating* tendency is wholly at variance with the whole spirit and tenor of their lives, and causes them to avoid it as the opposer of their vices. In like manner it affects obnoxious vermin, and evil disposed little animals that often greatly torment the human race. Many have supposed from the fact, that mosquitoes invariably disappear before the influence of tobacco smoke, that it was fatal to animal life; but such is not the case. If I might be allowed to fix the real essence of tobacco, I should say that it consisted in its direct opposition to aught that is evil, so that every thing and every being of a bad nature invariably withdraw from its presence,—they cannot endure the sight and sense of its virtue. Thus mosquitoes are driven into concealment by the influence of tobacco smoke, but they are not deprived of life. To be sure they must experience a choking sensation, as its virtue enters their mouths, but, as with bad men, it is only from their being unused to feed upon anything of the kind.

Again, say these cigar abolitionists, the complexion is rendered dark and sallow by the use of tobacco. Its natural beauty is lost, and a disagreeable sensation is produced at the sight of a confirmed smoker. And will an abolitionist think these things objections? If aught like the rest of his tribe, he would only cling the more to the "dear weed." Yes, he would hug it until its very life was gone, and it had become *dust and ashes*. Think one moment, Mr. Abolitionist, and you will come over heart and hand to our cause. You must perceive that we are advancing the period, when a general blackness will come over the human family, and we shall all be of that race, whom your class delights to honor. Fy! Let me never again hear you say that a disagreeable sensation is excited in your mind at beholding the sallowness of the confirmed smoker. One would think, from your arguments, that if you were opposed to cigar smoking, you nevertheless puffed out a large quantity of smoke and vapor, which could be referred to no distinct cause whatever.

We did intend to have said much more to rebut the arguments of our opponents, but, upon examination, they appear so frivolous, that we should do great injustice to our reader's understanding, did we spend

any more time in the affair. This advice we feel called upon to give our opponents, viz:—That they do forthwith acquaint themselves with the writings of king James, of tobacco memory, so that the objections which they shall hereafter offer to the practice of smoking, be such as not to curl our lips in sovereign contempt,—primarily, for their own reputation,—and secondly and chiefly, because that same curling of the lips is apt to dislodge the dear cigar, thereby occasioning much inconvenience.

Forever hallowed in my memory are the good old smoking days of my college life. Then, if ever, I knew true happiness,—when five or six jolly fellows were gathered together, the host, provided he was one of the real Simons, would first circulate the *ominous* colored box, out of which each one would select his own love, and, if a real *dapster*, instead of biting off the end, he would draw forth his small bladed knife and make a slight puncture just below the curl, then applying the lighted taper, out would come the first sweet puff. Oh, that first puff! How delicious! How enlivening! Would you percieve its power? Look at the smoker's eyes,—see them sparkle,—see them moisten with dewy joy. Ah that is bliss! Oh how often, in anticipation of the delight I was about to receive, have I held my cigar poised, all the time my full heart going, pat, pat, as if the pleasure I was about to experience were too much for a poor sinner like myself. And, even after the "dear weed" was between my lips, my extasy would overcome me so much that, for a short time, I would be unable to draw in my breath until, by a sudden effort, I would inhale the delicious fumes, and then, oh then, I would even tremble under the joy that circulated through every vein of my body.

Let the wicked storm and fuss, and bluster as much as they desire, they can never make me believe aught to the disparagement of the good social cigar; for social it is if any thing is so. It possesses conversational powers of never failing activity. Not only does it inspire conversation among its votaries, but it also holds private and interesting conversation with the lone man. Yes, my beloved old bachelors, if you cannot afford to have wives, do at least afford, what is next to them, good cigars. And I can assure you, my dear readers, that you may gain much, very much, that is highly useful from a lone intercourse with your cigar. And its lessons have this advantage, that you can take them almost any time in the day. Cultivate then its acquaintance, for from its company you will invariably go forth, as from the company of good men, with minds purified, and determined to pursue a correct course of life.

## WESTERN EMIGRATION.

*Mr. Editor.*—We were forcibly struck with the spirited article in your June number on Western Emigration, by “a South-Carolinian,” and though not willing to yield to his arguments in many particulars, we could not but admire the high sense of moral obligation and religious duty, which seemed to actuate his bosom in composing it. That the South, the dear South,—our native homes and firesides, should ever hold a predominant claim upon our affections, is a fact, that no true spirited Carolinian would attempt to gainsay. And that here we have every opportunity to cultivate all those ennobling principles of our holy religion which assimilate us to the Deity, is a truth equally evident to our minds. But whether there are not circumstances by which many individuals are surrounded, which necessarily urge them to leave the palmy plains of the South, for the more fertile vallies of the West, is a question, we think, he has but too partially considered. And whether there are not means of obtaining proper education, and cultivating suitable religious feelings even in the West, is another question equally as undecided in his disquisition upon the subject. ’Tis true, he has by bare assumption, taking for granted things that may be, as though they really were, overwhelmed in one general moral ruin, all the flourishing cities and villages in the West, not being willing to admit that there are many in that debased clime who have not bowed the knee to Baal. He acknowledges that a few noble isolated spirits may escape the general wreck; but it is with the skin of their teeth; they are like Noah and his family, rescued from the deluge, where lay buried a world of men; or like Lot and his daughters who escaped from the tempest of fire that consumed the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. And even those that do escape he conceives are not the least benefitted or blessed by the change of homes.

Now from such overwhelming declarations as these, from which there seems to be no redemption, we draw the inference, that the worthy author of the above piece is either entirely ignorant of the moral condition of the West, or has been imposed upon by the specious sounds which are so often borne upon the Western gales of intrigue, piracy, theft and murder. It may be that he wrote the piece while sitting by his solitary fireside, situated in some desolate region of our own state, where the lands have been long since worn out, and their former possessors, his boyhood friends, have long since left them to perish in their sterility, while he was left alone to tell the saddening tale. And while thus sorrowfully ruminating upon the dreary prospect that surrounded him, of lost friends and an almost sunken capital, he came to the strange conclusion, that after all, he was right and they were wrong. That although they had amassed immense fortunes in the West, and he had lost one at home, yet having clung to the ancient land marks of his fathers, and worshipped at the same temple of their devotions, he had cherished purer, holier feelings of love towards God and man, while they had been swept away by the tide of demoralizing influence, which rolls over the West, like the ocean waters of her own Mississippi.

Now if this were literally true, he of all his friends most assuredly deserves the crown which virtue awards to her children. To him should be given the meed of praise, and he should be privileged with the consolations that flow from a religious course, and its ultimate consequences in a future state. But, so far from being true, we conceive his premises altogether untenable; inasmuch as they lay waste at one fell swoop what has been heretofore considered the future pride of our happy land—a country abounding in all the beauties of nature in her wildest simplicity, and rapidly advancing in all the arts and sciences, as well as the social virtues which flow from a pure civilization; and bidding fair at no distant day, to be the loveliest portion of the Western world; outstripping in wealth, intelligence and moral grandeur the parent states, even as we anticipate at no distant day, to rise above the ancient dominions of our mother country, in all that is calculated to elevate one people above another, in point of rational, intellectual and moral influence. Has not the West, given to her by Nature, a soil calculated at once to invite the most enterprising and industrious of mankind to her bosom, where they may rear their increasing families, in all the privileges which affluence at once throws around them? Has she not, in fact, already drawn many of the richest men and noblest spirits of Carolina and Georgia, to bury themselves in her forests, in order that they might claim to their children a lasting heritage, amid the future glory and wealth, and moral beauty and religious worth, that shall encircle the brows of their posterity? Where are the Herriots, the Cantys, the Hamptons, the Hunts, and numerous other names of which Carolina is proud? Echo answers from the cheerful forests of the West—they are here, not degrading themselves with the vices and miseries which preyed upon the Antediluvians and Sodomites, or the wicked who may dwell around them; but erecting cities, villages and plantations, where their children may dwell in peace and plenty, rearing altars like Jacob in the wilderness, or our forefathers upon the rock of Plymouth, where anthems of gratulation may ascend to Heaven, and the voice of supplication be heard, instead of the yell of the savage, or the horrid imprecations of civilized heathen and outlawed murderers.

And who are these degraded inhabitants of the West? These moral locusts, who bring famine and blight and pestilence, and death wherever they come,—who taint the very air of Heaven, and infest the altars of God and religion with their pestiferous influence? Are they not a floating population of gamblers? The prodigal sons of indulgent fathers? Have they any abiding city? Do they not inhabit from Charleston to New-Orleans, and in all the intermediate cities and villages, wherever the winds of their fortune may seem to blow? And do Western laws give them a greater license than ours, to practice their schemes of intrigue and violence upon the unsuspecting and defenceless? Are there more duels fought among the established citizens of the West than here? More murders committed? More fortunes squandered? Justice, experience, answer no? Are there more altars erected to the living God here than there? Or more professed worshippers at the shrine of Heaven? Let the religious statistics of our country respond; and you will find, if I do not greatly err, that according to the population there are

as many ministers of religion, and members of the church of Christ in the West, as there are in the older portions of our country. I will concede, however, that there is some difference existing between the morality of the inhabitants there and here. Although their religion is as pure, and as free from the dogmas of men and the spirit of the world as ours, and although they may have as many to espouse the cause of christianity as we, yet the immorality of the openly irreligious, may be more glaring and more debasing. But what is gained here in the high tone of morality in relation to the outward characters of men, is completely lost in that infidelity and utter denunciation of all religion, which stalks abroad in open daylight, and exists among many of the most refined and elegant of our citizens. Turn to New England, and a purer state of morals exists not in the earth; and yet to the astonishment of all christendom, there is as much infidelity and as little vital christianity there, as may be found in some of the most desolate moral wastes in the wide world. The truth is, they have received all the benefits resulting from the christian religion, so far as they act on their destinies in this life, without caring for those higher features of this heaven-taught system, which "bring life and immortality to light."

If we are told then of profligacy, rapine and murder, occurring so frequently in the West, we would request a minuter investigation into the probabilities of who the perpetrators of such crimes are, and whence they sprang. And it will be found, in most cases, if my experience on this subject is not altogether fallacious, that they belong to that floating world of profligates and gamblers, who have given the West a name for impurity of morals, that is very far from belonging to the generality of its citizens. It remains then, but for those to be routed, their hells demolished, and they driven again to the ends of the world, until like Noah's dove they shall find no place to rest the soles of their feet, and we shall then behold as much moral beauty there as here. We acknowledge that the West is more infested by such characters than the South, that its great emporium is literally thronged with them; but can light have any communion with darkness? Do our virtuous citizens, by changing homes, change the religion of their fathers, and those spotless characters, which are ever the product of a pure religion, when acted out to its full extent? God forbid. Those who are inclined to such evils,—in whose breasts impiety and wickedness hold their fearful reign, may find even in our own highly civilized and christian cities, the very hells which might ruin them in the West.

And as regards education, they abundantly possess means to erect temples of science, and furnish their children with good instructors. How, then, can they be otherwise than duly enlightened in every point of education, that is taught in the older States? Already academies and colleges have sprung up in numerous clusters over the face of the whole country; and those too directed most generally by pious christian divines. Already have the spires of many a temple, sacred to the services of our holy religion, been raised above the towering tops of the lofty forest trees, as living evidences, that the same God presides alike over the cultivated shores of the Atlantic, and the massive forests of the West. And all that is cheering and animating in the social inter-

course of man with man, there begins to beam forth with a beauty unparalleled in the history of nations. The unostentatious, but comfortable farm houses, and beautifully cultivated plantations that skirt the margins of their rivers,—the lowing of the domestic cow returning from the pasture, and the bleating of the flocks that play upon their hills and feed in their valleys, all, all bespeak a tide of prosperity which invites the most immovable settler of former times, even from the shores of Carolina, to seek a home in the far West.

It is then too late in the day for Americans, for Carolinians, to attempt to stay the tide of emigration, or paralyze the efforts of enterprising citizens in seeking better, happier homes. As well might they attempt, like Xerxes, to make the proud waters of the ocean cease to ebb and flow; or cause the rushing torrents from the mountains to run back upon their sources. Not even the war-whoop of the bloody Creek, rolling fearfully along the wild banks of the Chattahouchee, or the startling view of the scalped white man, shall drive the determined emigrant back to the land, where he dwelt in indigence, obscurity and want. 'Tis true, such an obstacle will cause him to cease for a while, but it will only be to gather new strength, and begin again with tenfold impetus, like the maddening waters of a river a long time obstructed from some cause or other, but which at length bursts its way over every opposition, till it rushes with fearful swiftness down its channel, bearing every thing it meets upon its sweeping bosom.

But, if the spirit of emigration must be stopped, now in the very zenith of its success, what, we ask, is to become of the numerous young men, who are every day turned out from our colleges, compting-houses, and work-shops, to seek their sustenance by their own exertions? Where can the young graduate of medicine go, just after emerging from the cells of the college, with scarcely a penny in his pocket, and but few friends on earth who care for him or his fate? Must he stay in the land of his fathers, and perish for the want of support in his profession? Away with such a false devotion to friends and home, as would forever blight the honest ambition that glows in the youthful breast, of not being dependant on them for his bread. And thus it is with all other callings and professions in life. Had not the minister of religion better leave all behind, and seek in Western wilds to dedicate temples and erect altars to God, where there is such an extensive field for moral culture, than remain in his native State, where such an abundance of the word of life is administered from day to day? Had not the planter better leave his barren red hills and sandy bottoms, where his family are, in many instances, from actual want, deprived of the common necessities of life, in order to enjoy a happy home in the fertile valleys of the West, where he can bestow upon his children, not merely a plenty of this world's goods, but also an intellectual and religious education? By all manner of means.

But it is said, there have so many gone already, that our land looks like the image of desolation, and our pleasant places are all laid waste. Now, which will benefit Charleston and the sons of Carolina most, for them to remain here, and make nothing for market, or go West and bring an overwhelming produce to the land of their fathers, for which

they will ever feel a warm attachment? Will not the few tenants of our land who remain, make more, and thrive better, than if none had left? And may not our wealthier citizens, if they like, have planting interests in the West, where they can make so much more, and let their families remain in Charleston? - It is too late in the day to endeavor to stop an experiment which has thus far succeeded so well. Let us rather urge it on, and when, in future years, the Great West has become densely populated, the tide may ebb again, and our own native homes and firesides, be valued more dearly, our altars be rebuilt, our lands cultivated again, and this gigantic Republic, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have a name and a praise in the whole earth.

#### A GEORGIAN.

#### FANNY.

It was a morning of the early spring:—  
I sat and watched her with a thrill of joy,  
For it was beautiful to see the sweet  
And innocent ingenuousness that lay  
Like the bright spirit of an infant's dream  
Upon her features. Was that glowing hue  
Caught by reflection from the flowers? Around  
Her lay blown roses, and their bursting buds  
Just opening, like herself, to light and life,—  
Azalias and the yellow jessamine,  
Pinks full of odour and the scented bay.  
Was it from these the soft suffusion came?  
Or was it holy innocence and love  
Upspringing from the fountains of her heart?

I watched her as with tasteful care she filled  
The empty vases that before her stood,  
Pursuing still with smiles her delicate  
Employment: Round the graceful vase her hands  
More graceful straying, and some truant flower  
The while, between her slender fingers peeping,  
Or mingling softly with the curls that strayed  
As still she bent her forehead to the task.

Thus gazing, to myself I whispered then,  
They say a maiden's love of flowers doth spring  
From a fair blossom shrined in her own heart;  
A plant spontaneous, budding at her birth;  
As bright and stainless as the virgin brow  
That steals, perchance, its loveliness and light  
From the same source:—They call it Purity!  
Fair girl, while bending o'er thine earthly flowers  
Keep that diviner blossom radiant there:  
Nurse it with smiles and tears and frequent prayer,—  
Smiles, of contentment born, and gentleness,  
Tears for another's error or thine own,  
And prayer that the approving smile of Heaven  
Fall on it tenderly,—and oh through all,  
In grief or joy, in sunlight or in shade,  
Its spiritual beauty on thy brow  
Still wear, and it will be an amulet  
To guard *thee* from the cold world's blighting breath.

*Combahee, May, 1836.*

W. M. A.

## HEWAT'S HISTORY OF SOUTH-CAROLINA.

AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE COLONIES OF SOUTH-CAROLINA  
AND GEORGIA, IN 2 VOL. PRINTED BY ALEX. DONALDSON, NO. 48 ST. PAUL'S CHURCH  
YARD, LONDON, 1779.

## NUMBER THREE.

OUR preceding number closed with the revolution of 1719, the colony having continued near fifty years from its first settlement, under the proprietary government, and having gone during that period through many eventful changes of suffering and danger. The proprietors, though apparently fond enough of the dignity and power they had acquired, and expected still more to acquire from their fertile and flourishing province, seemed not much disposed to waste either their time or money on it. The community not being under the protection of the king and neglected by those, who of right were bound to foster and protect them, had been chiefly left to their own exertions for their safety. And if ever Carolina displayed, in a peculiar manner, those traits of chivalrous enterprise and courage, which are said by some to belong to her, they certainly never shone with greater brightness than during this period of her history. The Government, although aristocratic in the highest degree, could not suppress the independent spirit of the people. Every arbitrary act was met, if not with open resistance, still with a remonstrance and protest which warned their oppressors they did not recognize the right, until it ended in their entire emancipation from the proprietary yoke. Even at the first settlement, after the death of Governor Sayle, they claimed the right to elect West, by a vote of the people; although they willingly submitted to the authority of Governor Yeamans, when confirmed by the proprietors. In the year 1700, when James Moore became proprietary Governor, he claimed it by election of the upper house, in opposition to landgrave Morton, who claimed it in right of his dignity as eldest landgrave. Moore succeeded against him, and the election was confirmed by the palatine, because, as our author says, he considered him a more fit man than Morton, (who was, we suspect, a presbyterian) to assist him in establishing episcopacy and suppressing other modes of religious worship. Still we perceive he became Governor by *election*, and not by the mere appointment of the palatine.

In the year 1719, when he again became Governor, we find it was again by election, after the destruction of the proprietary authority—and during his administration, until the Royal approval and protection was obtained, the province presented, for a short period, the novel aspect of a pure republican government. Governor Council, and House of Representatives, all being elected by the people. For although they professed to elect Moore, and he to receive the government in the name of the king, and although the king upon taking the province under his protection found it expedient to ratify and confirm the acts of Moore's administration as legal, yet he never confirmed Moore himself in the

government. The example was too dangerous for royalty to sanction, and after he had governed the colony by the authority of the people for nearly two years, General Francis Nicolson, arrived in Carolina in the year 1721, as the first Royal Governor, into whose hands Moore resigned his power.

Soon after his arrival, Nicolson issued writs for the election of a new assembly, and they chose "James Moore, their late popular Governor, Speaker of the House, of whom the Governor declared his entire approbation." Their first business was to recognise and acknowledge "his sacred majesty, king George, to be the rightful sovereign of Great Britain, France and Ireland, and of all the provinces belonging to the empire, and in particular his undoubted right to the province of Carolina."

The part that Col. Moore took in this revolution appears to us, in spite of what our author seems to think to the contrary, to spring from high and patriotic motives. It is possible that he indulged strong feelings, as an Irishman, whose family had been expatriated for attempting the freedom of their country, and his hostility to the proprietors, which Hewat says was "inveterate," may possibly have been tinged with the recollections of English tyranny in his native land. He nevertheless served the country faithfully. He destroyed the Appallacian Indians. He served in the bloodiest part of the contest, under Col. Barnwell, against the Tuscaroras, and it is probable he commanded under Governor Craven, in the Yemassee war; for immediately after this war, Hewat speaks of his having been dismissed from the command of the militia by the succeeding Governor, "for warmly espousing the cause of the people."

The royal government being thus fully established by Nicolson, his first effort was to reconcile the two great parties of Governor's Johnson and Moore, which had divided the people. In this by his wisdom and equity he completely succeeded. His next step was to regulate the Indian affairs. The Spanish expedition which had threatened the province had failed in their first attack on the island of Providence, and afterwards been dispersed by shipwreck. He sent a message to the Cherokees, "a powerful nation, computed at this time to consist of no less than six thousand bowmen, inviting them to a general congress. At this, Congress after having smoked the pipe of peace, and marked out the boundaries of the lands between them and the English.

"He regulated all weights and measures, that justice might be done them in the way of traffic. He appointed an agent to superintend their affairs, and to unite them under a common head, proposed to nominate one warrior as commander-in-chief of the whole nation, before whom all complaints were to be laid, and who was to acquaint the Governor with every injury done them. With the consent of all present, Wrosetasatow was declared chief warrior of the Cherokee nation, with full power to punish all guilty of depredations and murders, and to obtain satisfaction for every injury done to Indians from the British settlers.—p. 298.

He likewise made a treaty with the Creeks, at that time, "a formidable nation,"—appointed an agent to reside among them,—and fixed on the "Savannah river as the boundary of their hunting lands, *beyond which no settlements were to extend.*" It is melancholy to reflect, how little this treaty, as well as most others with the Indians, has been ob-

served. The remnant of this once mighty nation, are now flying to the west, under another treaty, for refuge. And another, and another, will still pursue them, whilst our population advances, until by forced treaties, and mere brute force, they will be swept from the continent.

The Governor then turned his attention to internal regulations, and particularly to religious matters. "For though he was bred a soldier, and was profane, passionate and headstrong himself," says Hewat "he yet contributed greatly to the promotion of religion in Carolina, both by his public influence and private generosity."

About this time, the colony numbered not more than fourteen thousand white inhabitants, although it had been settled fifty-four years. This small advance in population, our author attributes to the unhealthiness of the climate in part, but chiefly to the troubles occasioned by the misrule of the proprietors. In the year 1725, Governor Nicolson returned to England, and the government devolved on Arthur Middleton, the President of the Council. A dispute arose with the Spaniards about the boundaries of the two provinces of Florida and Carolina, and Don Francisco Menendez and Don Jose Robiera came to Charlestown, to confer with the President of the Council,—after some dispute with these deputies, Mr. Middleton, finding they could not agree, ceased the negotiation. The Yamassees were still encouraged, by the Spaniards, in their scalping expeditions against the province, "killing white men and carrying off every negro they could catch." Colonel Palmer, finding nothing effectual was done, resolved to make reprisals. He collected a body of militia and Indians, making together about three hundred, and on his own responsibility, invaded Florida.

"He carried his arms as far as the gates of St. Augustine, and compelled the inhabitants to take refuge in the castle. Scarcely a house or hut in the colony escaped the flames. He destroyed their provisions in the field, and drove off their cattle, hogs and horses. Some Indians he killed and others he made prisoners. In short, he left the people of Florida little property except what was protected by the guns of their fort, and by this expedition convinced the Spaniards of their weakness and the bad policy of encouraging Indians to molest the subjects of Britain. He showed them that the Carolinians could prevent the cultivation and settlement of their province whenever they pleased, and render the improvement of it impracticable, on any other than peaceable terms with their neighbors.—p. 314.

About this time, also, the French encroachments from Louisiana commenced. They built a fort high up Mobile river, called fort Alabama, and carried on their intrigues with the Creeks, supplying them with muskets and ammunition. In the year 1728, a tremendous hurricane occurred, which drove twenty-three ships ashore, and inundated the town, so that the inhabitants were driven to the higher stories of their houses for refuge. The same year, the yellow fever raged so violently, that persons could scarcely be found to bury the dead. But the most memorable event of this year, was the purchase of the province, by the crown, from the proprietors,—not only the government, but the soil of the land was bought,—for 17,500 pounds sterling,—except the right of soil in one-eighth part, belonging to heirs of Lord Carteret, who refused to sell. John Barnwell, the agent sent out by Moore's government, had succeeded in procuring from the king, an order for a "*quo warranto*" against their charter. The king now preferred to purchase

the proprietary right. The quit-rents, due them at that time, were also purchased for five thousand pounds. "So that seven-eighth parts of this vast territory, cost no more than twenty-two thousand five hundred pounds." The proprietors, who sold their shares at this time, were Henry Duke, of Beaufort, William Lord Craven, James Bertie, Dodington Greenville, Henry Bertie, Mary Danson, Elizabeth More, Sir John Colleton, John Cotton, and Joseph Blake. In consequence of the powers granted to his Majesty, by this act of Parliament, he claimed the prerogative of appointing Governors to both North and South Carolina. Thus ended all connection with the proprietors. They had held the government for near fifty years, in which time amidst innumerable privations and dangers, the province rather protected themselves, than received any sufficient support from their Lords. They had beaten and driven from their lands three great Indian nations—they had beaten the French and Spaniards, and invaded Florida once—had destroyed the Buccaneers of the Cape Fear River—and at last overturned the government, which tyrannized over, without protecting them. And all this was done by a population, which at the end of that period did not number more than fourteen thousand whites.

Immediately after the settlement of this question, Sir Alexander Cumming was sent out to treat with the Indian tribes. Some account of his proceedings having already appeared in this journal, renders it not necessary to dwell upon them now. In the year 1731, Robert Johnson, who had been expelled from the government by the revolution of 1719, returned from England with the Cherokee chiefs Sir Alexander Cumming had carried over, and with a commission from the king, as Royal Governor. The people always greatly respected him, and now that he came in the name of the king, he was received with great demonstrations of joy. Thomas Broughton was appointed Lieutenant Governor, and Thomas Wright, Chief Justice.

In the year 1732 the settlement of Georgia commenced.

"Several persons of humanity and opulence having observed many families and valuable subjects oppressed with the miseries of poverty at home, united and formed a plan for raising money and transporting them to this part of America. For this purpose they applied to the king, obtained from him letters patent, bearing date June 9, 1732, for legally carrying into execution what they had generously projected. They called the new province Georgia, in honor of the king, who likewise greatly encouraged the undertaking. A corporation, consisting of twenty-one persons was constituted, by the name of Trustees for settling and establishing the colony of Georgia, which was separated from Carolina by the river Savannah."—v.2 p.16. The benevolent founders of the colony of Georgia, perhaps, may challenge the annals of any nation to produce a design more generous and praiseworthy than that they had undertaken."—v. 2, p. 17.

They had voluntarily devoted their time and money for promoting, what seemed to them, the good of others,—and although their scheme proved impracticable, as might have been expected, from those who draw up theoretical plans of government, without consulting the dispositions of the governed,—yet they are entitled to the praise of the noblest and most benevolent intentions.

"About the middle of July, 1732, the Trustees of Georgia held their first meeting, when lord Percival was chosen President of the corporation, \* \* \* and a

common seal was ordered to be made. The device was on one side, two figures resting upon urns, representing the rivers Altamaha and Savannah, the boundaries of the province—between them the genius of the colony, seated with a cap of liberty on his head, a spear in one hand and cornucopia in the other, with the inscription, ‘*Colonia Georgia, Aug.*’ On the other side a representation of silk worms, some beginning, and others having finished their web with the motto ‘*Non sibi sed aliis,*’ \* \* \* signifying that \* \* the establishment was \* \* entirely designed for the benefit of others.”—v. 2, p. 18.

In November, James Oglethorpe, one of the trustees, embarked, and in January following, arrived in Carolina,—he carried one hundred and sixteen settlers. They were warmly received by the Carolinians, who sent them provisions, cattle and hogs to begin their stock. Governor Johnson gave them every encouragement, and William Bull, “a man of knowledge and experience,” agreed to accompany Oglethorpe. Having arrived at Yamacraw, these two gentlemen explored the country, and fixed on a high and pleasant spot of ground, on a navigable river, for the settlement,—they there marked out a town, and called it Savannah, from the Indian name of the river. We would here note the tribe from which this Indian name is taken, as it is not generally known. In Sanford’s “*History of the United States before the Revolution,*” we have the derivation, and as the passage is curious, we will extract it:

“The Shawanese are a tribe from Georgia. Their residence was formerly upon the Savannah River, which still bears their name. Their towns were broken up by a league of their neighbors, and the main body taking their way to the northward, established themselves upon the Ohio, whence detachments proceeded to the east, and settled among the Lenae; some in Lancaster county; some in the forks of the Delaware; and some upon the very spot where Philadelphia now stands. \* \* \* The tribes are now united, and their two largest towns are at Stono Creek, a tributary of the Big Miami, and at Wapockanata on the Auglaize. The name is said to have been derived from a word which signifies South. It is written Chowanoes, Savannas, Savanucas, Shawanos, Sawanos, Sawanous, Shawnees and Shawanese.”\*

He cites Adair and many other authorities in proof of the correctness of his statements. It is sufficient to render this tribe remarkable, when we state that Tecumseh was their great chief in the last war.

Having thus founded Savannah, the next object of Oglethorpe was to treat with the Creeks in his neighborhood. He first built a fort for the safety of the settlers, and through the agency of an Indian woman, named Mary, who had married a trader, he called fifty chiefs together, and made them a speech, and distributed presents among them. Upon which Tomichichi, in the name of the Creek warriors, answered him in the following manner:

Here is a little present, giving him a buffalo skin, adorned on the inside with the head and feathers of an eagle, and desired him to accept it—because the eagle was the emblem of speed, and the buffaloe of strength. He told him, the English were as swift as the bird, and as strong as the beast—since like the former they flew over vast seas to the uttermost parts of the earth—and like the latter they were so strong that nothing could withstand them. He said the feathers of the eagle were soft, and signified love. The buffaloe skin was warm, and signified protection, and therefore he hoped the English would love and protect their little families.”—v. 2, p. 12.

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\*See page 151, of Sandford.

Oglethorpe accepted the present—concluded a treaty with them—and having provided as far as possible for the safety of the colony, returned to England, carrying Tomichichi, his queen, and some other Indians with him.

"Some say that James Oglethorpe, when he came out to settle Georgia, brought with him," says our author, "Sir Walter Raleigh's journals, written in his own hand. By the latitude of the place, and the traditions of the Indians, it appeared to him that Sir Walter had landed at the mouth of the Savannah River. \* \* The Indians acknowledged that their fathers once held a conference with a warrior, who came over the great water. At a little distance from Savanna, there is a high mount of earth under which they say the Indian king lies interred, who talked with the English warrior, and that he desired to be buried in the same place where this conference was held." It would be interesting to ascertain whether this mount of earth still remains or can be identified.

The next colony that came to Carolina was brought out by John Peter Pury, a native of Neufchatel, in Switzerland. He founded Purysburg, but the settlement did not flourish, and after awhile most of the Swiss either died of the diseases of the climate or dispersed. A curious dispute arose in the province about this time between the Assembly and the Chief Justice. Job Rothmahler and Thomas Cooper, having been accused of some illegal practices with respect to the survey of lands, a petition was presented by thirty-nine inhabitants of Granville county to the Assembly in their vindication. The Assembly ordered Rothmahler and Cooper to be arrested by their messenger. Cooper applied to Chief Justice Wright for a writ of "*Habeas corpus*," which was granted. St. John, the Surveyor General, being highly offended at the Assembly, took "great liberties," out of doors, and ridiculed some of their speeches, upon which they ordered St. John also into custody, and passed the following resolutions:

"That it is the undeniable privilege of this assembly to commit such persons as they may judge to deserve it. That the freedom of speech or debate ought not to be impeached or questioned in any court or place out of that House. That it is a contempt and violation of the privileges of that House, to call in question any of their commitments. That no writ of *habeas corpus* lies in favor of any person committed by that house, and that the messenger attending do yield no obedience to such, and that the chief justice be made acquainted with these resolutions."—v.2.p.30

The Chief Justice complained to the Governor and Council of these resolutions, as tending to the dissolution of the government, and disallowing his Majesty's prerogative, and renouncing obedience to the writs of *habeas corpus*. But the Council in general were of opinion that the Assembly of Carolina had the same privilege here as the House of Commons in England, and approved their conduct. This collision created some excitement in the colony. This year they made a long statement of the condition of the colony which they sent to the king. It was signed by the Governor, the President of the Council, and Speaker of the Assembly.

In the mean time the Trustees of Georgia were digesting plans which proved impracticable for the government of the colony. They sent out a colony of Germans and another of Highlanders. During this

year also, Robert Johnson, the "favorite Governor," as our author calls him, of Carolina, died; and a monument was erected in St. Philip's Church, which the citizens of Charleston will long remember, as having been among the most beautiful ornaments of that venerable edifice whilst it stood. It was erected at the public expense, in gratitude for the services he had rendered the country. After his decease the government devolved on Thomas Broughton, as Lieutenant Governor.

Oglethorpe returned from England, and having brought cannon with him he built a fort on the Savannah River, which he named Augusta, and another called Frederica, on an island near the mouth of the Altamaha, for the protection of Georgia—ten miles nearer the sea he erected another battery, which commanded the entrance of the sound, and the Parliament granted ten thousand pounds to garrison them. These proceedings soon gave umbrage to the Spaniards, and a commissioner was sent to Oglethorpe, who met him at Jekyl Sound. He "had the modesty," says our author, "to require Oglethorpe to evacuate all the territories south of St. Helena Sound; and if he refused to comply, had orders to proceed to Charleston, and lay the same before the Governor and Council. These territories, he said, belonged to the king of Spain, who was determined to maintain his right. Oglethorpe after this conference, embarked with all haste for England. During his absence a dispute arose between the Georgians and Carolinians about the navigation of the Savannah River, but was soon settled. Georgia still made but small progress in improvement.

About the year 1738, Samuel Horsely being appointed Governor, and dying before he left England, William Bull, "a man of good natural abilities and well acquainted with the state of the province," became Lieutenant Governor. Oglethorpe having informed the Trustees of the growing power and preparations of the Spaniards, and Governor Bull having done the same to the king, a regiment of six hundred effective men was ordered to be raised, and James Oglethorpe was made Major General of all the forces of the two provinces, and received also the command of this regiment. He soon returned to Georgia with his regiment, and two ships of war, and held his head quarters at Frederica, and managed so well with the Indians, that the Spaniards failed in all their attempts to seduce them. He, however, was not so successful in keeping the good will of his own men. A conspiracy was formed on account of discontents at the hardships suffered by them, among some of the soldiers.

"On a certain day a number of soldiers, under arms, came up to the General, and made some extraordinary demands; which being refused, they instantly cried out, one and all, and one of them discharged his piece at him. \* \* The ball whizzed over his shoulders, but the powder singed his clothes and burnt his face. Another presented his piece, which flashed in the pan. A third drew his hanger, and attempted to stab him, but the General parrying it off, an officer standing by run the ruffian through the body, and killed him on the spot; upon which the mutineers ran"—v. 2, p. 71.

They were, however, apprehended, and the ring leaders shot. It is supposed they were instigated to it by secret machinations of the Spaniards. A soldier, who was a catholic, and had been in the Spanish service,

and spoke their language, held secret conferences with them, and was the chief mover of the mutiny. The Spaniards also are supposed to have incited a negro insurrection, which at this time occurred in Carolina. They embodied a negro regiment, and had their emissaries in Carolina, who encouraged the negroes to run away and join them. Two Spaniards were caught in Georgia on this errand, and imprisoned. This was a very dangerous insurrection. But a numerous congregation of planters being assembled, at Wiltown, where Archibald Stobo was preaching and being all armed, according to the law of that time, it was speedily suppressed, after upwards of twenty whites had been murdered.

On the 23d Oct. 1739, war was declared against Spain, and Gen. Oglethorpe immediately projected an expedition against St. Augustine, and communicated his design to Lieut. Governor Bull; and a regiment of four hundred men was raised, partly in Virginia, and North and South Carolina, under the command of Col. Vanderdussen, to assist him. Oglethorpe appointed the mouth of the St. John's River, on the Florida shore, for the place of rendezvous. On the 9th May, 1740, he passed into Florida with four hundred men of his regiment, and a body of Indians. He was soon after joined by Col. Vanderdussen. He then marched with his whole force—he had previously taken fort Diego—he now took fort Moosa, within two miles of St. Augustine. He then invested the town. The castle was bomb proof, mounting fifty pieces of cannon. The town was encircled with ten salient angles and contained seven hundred regulars, two troops of horse, four companies of armed negroes, besides militia and Indians. Having taken the island of Anastasia, Oglethorpe erected batteries thereon, and summoned the Spanish Governor to surrender; "but the haughty Don, secure in his strong hold, send him for answer that he would be glad to shake hands with him in his castle," which greatly enraged Oglethorpe. He immediately commenced bombarding the town—where after wasting a good deal of time, and having three hundred men under Col. Palmer cut off, he was forced to raise the siege. The Carolinians railed at his conduct, and even his courage was impeached. On the other hand he said he could not rely on the provincials—that they refused to obey him, and at last abandoned his camp. Whatever was the cause, it is certain that Carolina was exposed to great danger by this miscarriage.

A great fire occurred a short time after in Charleston, which greatly depressed the spirits of the people—nearly the whole town was desolated. The British Parliament with uncommon munificence, voted twenty thousand pounds, to be distributed among the people of Charleston for their relief.

About this time James Glenn received a commission from the king, investing him with the government of Carolina. "He was a man of considerable knowledge, courteous and polite; exceedingly fond of military parade and ostentation, which commonly has great force on ordinary minds, and by these means he maintained his dignity and importance in the eyes of the people." "Governor Glenn's appointment was so far proper," says Hewat,—"as he possessed those qualifications that rendered his government respectable, and the people living under it happy."

"His Council, consisting of twelve men, were appointed also by the king, under his sign manual. The Assembly of Representatives consisted of forty-four members, and were elected every third year by the freeholders of sixteen parishes. The Court of Chancery was composed of the Governor and Council—to which Court belonged a Master of Chancery and a Register. There was a Court of vice Admiralty—the Judge, Register, and Marshal of which were appointed by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty in England. The Court of King's Bench consisted of a Chief Justice, appointed by the king, who sat with some assistant Justices of the province, and the same Judges constituted the Court of Common Pleas. There was likewise an Attorney General, a Clerk, and provost Marshal. The Secretary of the province, who was also Register, the Surveyor General of the lands, and the Receiver General of the Quit Rents, were all appointed by the Crown. The Comptroller of the Customs, and three Collectors at the ports of Charleston, Port Royal and Georgetown, were appointed by the Commissioners of the Customs in England. The provincial Treasurer was appointed by the General Assembly. The Clergy were elected by the freeholders of the parish. All Justices of the Peace, and officers of the Militia, were appointed by the Governor and Council. This is the nature of the provincial Government and Constitution, and in this way were the principal officers of each branch appointed or elected under the Royal Establisement."—v. 2, p. 106-7.

We had designed to offer a review of Lock's Constitution, and of its bearing on our present institutions,—but the dryness of the subject would probably render it not sufficiently interesting to general readers, and, therefore, not fit for a periodical devoted to lighter literature.

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#### TO \*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*, BITING HER LIPS.

THAT which I most admired, the day  
I met thee first, fair creature,  
Was that serene repose which lay  
Like sun-light on each feature.

Would'st thou preserve thy beauty's charm  
And bind the cestus stronger,  
Oh, keep th' expression pure and calm,  
And bite thy lips no longer.

The school girl thinks her *nails* a treat,  
And since the days of Noah,  
In Asia they the *locust* eat,  
In Africa the *boa*.

The Chineseman will eat his *dog*;  
Oh delicate discussion!  
The Frenchman feasts upon a *frog*,  
On clear lamp-oil the Russian.

An *oyster* living!—down, they say,  
Right lovingly it slips, dear;  
Th' Oto'mac breaks his fast on *clay*,  
Thou thine upon thy *lips*, dear.

Thy lips! let goodness there abide,  
Let winning smiles unite them,  
Let words of softness through them glide,  
But dearest, *do not bite them*.

*Charleston, Nov. 23.*

W. M. A.

## THE CHOLERA NOT ALWAYS AN ENEMY.

I BUTTENED my coat tightly around me and walked briskly, for the morning was cool, about a mile from my lodgings. It was nine o'clock when I knocked at the door of a friend's house and was ushered by a domestic into his study. A gentle coal fire was burning in the grate, which was peculiarly acceptable to a pedestrian after being exposed to a cold and biting atmosphere. The room was, on three sides, fitted up with shelves crowded with books of all sizes and classes, but chiefly those of a theological order, from which the reader may infer, that my friend was a clergyman. I noticed Barrow, and Clarke, and Tillotson, and Jeremy Taylor, and Zollikoffer, and Saurin, and various other worthies, or rather their representatives in the respectable volumes through which they have transmitted an enduring fame to posterity. These works were more valuable for their contents than their binding, upon which time and use seemed to have wrought their perfect work, and convinced me that their proprietor was less ambitious of parade than substantial excellence. Such indeed is his character. A table was placed opposite the fire covered with books, minerals, specimens of birds, insects and other curious things in the department of Natural History. On other shelves and niches were snakes and "creeping things innumerable," preserved in spirits of wine and corked up in bottles. Had it been the age in which Sir Walter placed the occurrences of his "Antiquary," I might have conceived that I had been introduced into the sanctum of an alchymist, or an astrologer, or a dealer in the black art, but it being the nineteenth century, no such gloomy imaginations were interwoven in the web of my fancy. I perceived, plainly enough, that I was in the room of a philosopher, who was accustomed to prosecute with zeal his inquiries into the mysteries of Nature, and to "look through Nature up to Nature's God." Such were my reflections, when the door opened, and my friend, with a benignant smile playing upon his countenance, made his appearance, and giving me a hearty shake of the hand, expressed pleasure at my visit. I inquired after his health.

"I have, myself," he replied, "suffered much, and have had twenty-four cases of the prevailing malady in my own family."

"An extraordinary number! And how many, sir, have fallen victims to the destroyer in your own circle?"

"As yet, none. All, thanks to Divine Providence, have recovered under the skilful means employed for the purpose. I fear, however, that I shall lose one of my domestics, whose constitution has been so undermined by cholera, that consumption has ensued. My own case has been rather a singular one."

"Will you be good enough to state the particulars of it?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow, although *jubes renovare dolorem*. It is a tale of pain and extreme suffering. It was late one Saturday night. I had preparations to make for the ensuing Sabbath, which occupied my mind. I sat where you now do, my right leg thrown over the corner of the table, an awkward posture, acquired at college, where you know we get many foolish habits, which never desert us. I was thinking intently, and was insensible of the lapse of time, and it had grown late. It was a warm summer evening. My servant had, without

my observing it, closed my study windows, and the first consciousness that I had of my external condition was, that I was in a state of profuse perspiration. I took up a candle and retired to bed, at the foot of which was an open window, a fact which, in my then state of exhaustion, I did not notice. I, of course, during sleep, which soon visited me, remained exposed to the insalubrious influence of the nocturnal atmosphere. In the morning I awoke unrefreshed by my slumbers, with a slight pain in my back and shoulder. I went to church and performed with some difficulty, the ordinary morning and afternoon service. In the evening I usually have a lecture in my vestry, for which occasion I never prepare notes, but express such thoughts as occur to me, without premeditation. On this occasion I was unable to speak with freedom, and my mind even seemed to be deserting me. I hurried over the exercises as well as I could. They were quite unsatisfactory to myself, and, I fear, little edifying to my congregation. Next morning I found myself still worse, not so much so however as to prevent my rising and attending to a little business. The pain in my back and shoulder continued without intermission and gradually increased. I was at length compelled to acknowledge myself a sick man and take to my bed. There I lay day after day for several months, the pain of which I complained increasing daily and hourly, and I getting, all the while, no relief. The only privilege which I claimed or exercised, was that of being permitted to groan without restraint. My physician thought my case an anomalous one. Several of my medical friends kindly called to see me, indeed I think nearly the whole college of physicians. They could not tell what was the matter with me. I took various medicines which did me no good. The disease, whatever it was, seemed to be taking fast hold of my frame. I lost the use of all my limbs. The pain which had so gradually increased in severity now reached the climax of agony, and then, singular to say, it gradually subsided, as gradually, in fact, as it had increased, until it deserted me altogether. Every day, every hour, I could perceive the difference, and although the sensation was, by no means, one of pleasure, it was yet the negation of a higher degree of positive suffering, and encouraged me to hope that a time of relief would finally arrive. At length, as I have intimated, it did so. The last throes of misery passed away, but my disease left me a cripple. I had no longer the use of my left leg, which had shrunk down to a spindle, perfectly fleshless and consisting only of bone and sinew. I was obliged now to resort to crutches. Upon these I hobbled forth, and upon the Sabbath, began once more to attend to my ordinary duties. I also went abroad in week days, and visited the members of my congregation, particularly those who were afflicted with the prevailing malady. I said that during my sickness I exercised only one privilege. There was also another in which I occasionally indulged, hoping, if I could fix my attention by mental occupation, to palliate in some degree my acute bodily suffering. I caused to be collected and placed before me all the works that could be procured on the subject of cholera. These works I read and studied carefully till I became fully master of the disease and its various modes of treatment. My theoretical acquaintance with it was destined to be confirmed by a practical knowledge of it in my own person. I was suddenly seized with this frightful malady and a

second time confined to my bed as an invalid. In the course of my previous sickness I had been well satisfied with the medicines administered to me, with the exception of calomel, the effects of which I thought injurious. It now served me as a friend, of whom I had no reason to complain. By skilful treatment, and the kindness of Divine Providence, I soon recovered from this attack, and, what is more, upon putting my foot upon the floor, I discovered, to my no small joy, that I had regained the use of my disabled limb, and that artificial helps were no longer necessary to enable me to walk. From that time to the present it has been gaining strength and elasticity daily, and last evening, by actual measurement, I found it was now nearly or quite as large as its fellow. If this were the effect of cholera, I have reason to congratulate myself that one evil demon has been successful in expelling another."

"And that, too, my dear sir, without the latter occupant's retaining possession of the premises."

"Yes, you very well know the maxim as to a divided house and a divided kingdom. I feel that I am once more my own master, and the only evil of which I now have to complain is, that I cannot indulge so much as formerly in my sedentary propensities, nor continue long in the same position without uneasiness."

"That, perchance, may be in the end an advantage, as it may compel you to take more invigorating exercise in the fresh air."

"Doubtless, it may be so, but whatever be the result, I hope I am enough of a philosopher to extract something of good from the evils which it falls to my lot to suffer."

"It would be wise in us all to do so. I beg pardon, my dear sir. My unfortunate elbow in seeking a resting place, has thrown down a bat."

"No matter, no matter. The creature is without sensibility,—incapable of pain. You have not injured the specimen."

"I hope not. But what said the physicians as to the restoration of your disabled limb?"

"Oh, calomel got the credit of it. It is, however, I believe, admitted by physicians, that two diseases cannot exist well together, and that one is apt to neutralize and destroy the other."

"I have heard it so said. If true, it is an important law of the human constitution, and deserves attention. Have you yet ascertained the nature of the disease which first afflicted you?"

"I believe it was an affection of the spine."

"Your case, sir, possesses singular features, and deserves to be recorded in the annals of medicine."

My friend smiled, as much as to say, "I think it a little remarkable," and after congratulating him upon his recovery and exchanging adieus, we separated. I could not but reflect, on leaving his study, that the ills of life are best sustained by a cheerful temper, and that our relish of its pleasures may be sometimes increased even by untoward circumstances.

If there are any of my readers who, in the foregoing sketch, think they recognize a case with which they are familiar, they are at liberty to do so. My friend is so great a lover of whatever is curious in nature, in art and in science, and withal endowed with so liberal a fund of good humor, that I am sure he will not be angry with me for alluding to circumstances that may possibly be turned to a good account.

## SANCHONIATHON.

A lost historical manuscript appears to have come to light after a sleep of nearly 1700 years. It relates to the Phoenicians, an ancient people. A notice in the Foreign Quarterly Review is to this effect: "The Foreign Quarterly Review has the following, deeply interesting to scholars of all countries, *Byblos, Tyre and Sidon*. Two or three German journals have accounts from Oporto of the end of September, announcing a very important and interesting discovery, which we shall be glad to see confirmed."

"*Oporto, 29th Sept. 1835.*—A young German, army surgeon, has discovered in a convent here, a complete copy of the nine books of the Phœnician history, of Philo Biblyius, which he has translated into Greek, from the Phœnician of Sanchoniathon. It is properly a chronicle of the town of Byblos, but as that town was in alliance with Sidon, and in the sequel, became dependant on Tyre, the history of these cities is very circumstantially related. Neither are the neighboring people, cities, or dynasties neglected, or the coasts of the islands occupied by Phœnician colonies. The eighth book is particularly important,—a catalogue of all the troops, war chariots and ships, of each town, and of each of the many dependant colonies. Only the colonies in Spain were independent, and allowed no person from the mother country to visit their parts, except the merchants from Tyre. (Another letter adds that it will be published in Germany.)"—Star.)

These records were translated from the Phœnician language about the time of the Roman emperor Adrian, into the Greek, in nine books. Eusebius preserved a fragment of the ninth book in his Ecclesiastical History; the balance has been much missed by antiquaries, as from them, authorities were expected to settle many disputed points in the early histories of European nations, which at present, are only conjecture and never-ending controversy. They are of more importance to the world than many are aware of; and had there only been a printing press at the elbow of the writer, the world would have been, 2000 years ago, as far advanced in all the useful and ornamental productions as at the present day; and our generation, so far in advance, as may be expected of generations 2000 years hence. These records were kept by a people far advanced in arts and sciences, previous to the days of Abraham; made discoveries, planted colonies, and explored distant countries before the days of Solomon; furnished that king with the means of building his temple, manned his ships with able seamen, and otherwise enabled him to make silver and gold as plenty in Jerusalem as paving-stones. The prophet Ezekiel gives us a first glimmering of the commercial importance of their chief city in his time; and had he been as much acquainted with the geography of the world, and names of countries, as he appears to be with the intercourse of their merchants, we might have been in possession of much valuable information. O'Halloran, in his History of Ireland, in fixing the chronicles of the early colonization of that country, has occasion to refer to this manuscript, and from his knowledge of the Phœnician language, still retained in the old chronicles there, he is inclined to think that Sanchoniathon means a re-

cord, or chronicle of events in ancient times, and from what we already hear of it, his views are corroborated, and antecedent testimony afforded, that the work has been recovered, and no hoax intended on the public. So we may have an opportunity very soon of being able to judge for ourselves. It is astonishing how much has been performed by these people, and how little is known of them by their posterity; only from glimmerings, and the accidental notices of ancient writers. They were evidently located on the best place that the world affords for a commercial people; their geographical position gave them the nearest possible water communication with all the world, and they did not neglect the opportunity. They furnished ancient Egypt with men, laws, religion, and letters, through the Chaldeans, the Greeks and the Egyptians. The Patriarch Abraham was a sojourner among them, used the same language and religion, built an altar, planted a grove, and worshipped therein, without giving offence to God or man. They carried on their operations without a rival from the days of Noah, until their chief city was destroyed by Alexander, commonly called the Great, but who showed forth much of littleness in his contest with these people. Although he was victor in the end, yet it was at an expense of every principle and act that could reflect greatness on a conqueror. His ferocity knew no bounds; when he got possession of their city, 1800 of his prisoners were crucified in one day, crosses were erected along the sea-beach south of the city, and the victims of his vengeance nailed thereon; and the patriots of a country, the mother of many nations, whose only offence was contending manfully in the last ditch for their country, were left to expire in lingering and excruciating torments. This was the second besom of desolation that had swept over their city by the plundering nations whom their industry and enterprise had not only enlightened, but enriched; its elasticity was not destroyed, after a time it resumed its wonted enterpize; another plunderer approached,—Antiochus, but was forced to withdraw. It afterwards became christianized, lost its conservative and industrious habits, became the spoil occasionally of the Jews, Turks, and Heathen; and now is in a state to fulfil the predictions of the Prophet;—a desolate beach for fishermen to dry their nets upon. The British government, a people sprung from her loins, and who are indebted to her for even the use of an alphabet, is at this moment exploring the resources for trade which her ancient site holds forth. Their steam boats are sounding and navigating the Euphrates and its position, connecting them with their India possessions,—if started into operation by enterprize and capital, she may again become, not only the mother, but the mistress of nations. Carthage, the Tarshish of the Scriptures, and where Jonas was flying to when swallowed by the whale, (so says Jerome,) profited much by her adversity. On the first destruction of their city by the Assyrian monarch, they were fortunate enough to save much of their capital and the records of their city, by flying to their colonies, of which Carthage was one; and it appears that many of their manuscripts found an asylum there till the time of the Romans, when Carthage was doomed to a similar fate. The Romans enriched their stock of books in plundering that city; every branch of useful knowledge received some addition. The themes of Virgil's

Georgics and *Aeneid* are but transcripts; and the geographers Ptolemy, and Festus Avienus borrowed largely. This manuscript the Sanchoniathon, was fortunate enough to meet a friend who gave it a Greek dress early in the second century; otherwise, it would no doubt have been lost to the world. It may be of great use to the antiquaries of Britain, by settling that interminable dispute about the name of their country, which has occupied them *pro* and *con* for many years; as it appears to be generally admitted, that the Phœnicians colonized parts of their country for the sake of mining and trade, before other parts of Europe were inhabited. Thomas Moore, O'Holloran, Sir Walter Scott, Sir James M'Intosh, Pinkerton, James M'Pherson, well known to the learned world, are all at issue, in many points, and it will be very amusing to the curious in these things, to see which of these learned gentlemen will come out straight.

Moses and the Prophets, perhaps, may likewise receive an accidental elucidation of passages partially explained in their writings; as they lived neighbors many a day. The father of the faithful, Abraham, lived long among them, paid tithes to their high priest; and the Patriarchs, until their final migration into Egypt, practised the same form of public worship, and never found fault with it. It is noticed by antiquaries, that Moses obtained from this, or other of their documents that had been carried to Egypt, his history of the ancients, which compose some of his writings; as on dry seasons, when their crops failed, a frequent intercourse for corn was carried on; Egypt being then, as for ages before and after, the granary of the world. It was one of their trading companies that saved the children of Israel from the crime of murdering their brother Joseph, by buying him as a slave for the Egyptian market. In fact, they were as much in the habit of dealing in notions as any of the moderns. They ransacked the bottom of the sea for fish; and the bowels of the earth for ore; in almost every land they discovered something for market, or home fairs. The herrings which they caught in the Northern seas, and the tinware they obtained from the mines of Cornwall, were retailed in the old temple of Jerusalem, previous to the second building. They dug stones out of the quarries of Upper Egypt, and retailed them in the British Islands, from the size of arrow heads, to a monolithic temple.

A certain king of Israel took a wife from one of their cities, Sidon, named Isabel, a name common in many of their colonies, and continued to this day. She is much celebrated in holy writ by a quarrel with the Prophet Elijah, on account of religion, which ended in a revolution and her own destruction. Moses, and all the Prophets, were patriots, and the whole tenor of their writings and institutions tended to a union of their tribes. They frowned indignantly on the religion and women of other nations, as only through them were the minds of their kings alienated from their own, on the due observance of which, their national strength depended. The prophet did no less than chop the heads off of several hundreds of her Priests in one day,—she vowed vengeance, he fled to the wilderness, and was fed by an angel,—a revolution took place soon after, the king, her husband, was deposed, and Isabel's murdered body thrown to the dogs.

It is very remarkable that the idea they entertained of heaven was taken from the figure of an egg, and the name of Jove used by the Greeks, Jupiter by the Romans, and Jehovah by Moses, appear all to proceed from the same root, and meaning. They wrote it Thoth, the Egyptians Namph, and the old Irish to the present day the same;—a word synonymous for an egg. This goes far to prove that Moses, using the same word for the name of the Most High, must have had access to their writings. It was most probably from the likeness that the concave arch of heaven, the starry firmament, bears to the form or outlines of an egg, that the idea first originated; and great and good men, as they appeared on earth, were deified, and by the grateful recollections of their friends, placed among the stars as gods, demigods, heroes, saints or angels. This appears to be the origin of mythology, or man-worship. It is needful to observe, that in many words derived from the Phœnician, *c* sounds like *k*; before *e* the letter *h* is silent, and renders quiescent the letter which precedes it, unless it be *m*, which sounds like *w*, and *b*, which takes the sound of a *v*, a *c* before *h*, has an aspirated guttural, as in the word *Lochebor*. The Latin words *cera wax*, derived from the Chaldean, and *Celtæ*, the name of a people early settled in the British Islands and maritime parts of Spain and France, derived from the Phœnician *Gaeltae*, are now read soft like *s*, which is false reading, as respects the latter, and has been the cause of much uncertainty in the history of the people to which it relates; it has thrown antiquaries on the wrong scent of their origin, ever since the days of Cæsar, and renders it obscure to the learned world, what country produced them; a people of no inconsiderable importance in the history of Europe. Thomas Moore begins their history as though they had fallen from the clouds; Sir James M'Intosh and Voltaire say they ought to be pronounced "*Kelta*," without assigning any reason; and Pinkerton, in his history of Scotland, previous to the tenth century, finds them very much in his way; says that they are the Indians of Europe, and all that are found in the Highlands of Scotland ought to be shipped off to America, (across the Mississippi we suppose,) to make room for a better breed. Their history is long and interesting, and we may find a satisfactory explanation of their origin from the Sanchoniathon. The view that I take of the subject, from their name, may perhaps afford an elucidation. In Ireland they are *Clan na Gadkel*, pronounced *Gael*, in Scotland *Gael na Alban*, in Gaul, in the days of Cæsar, *Gazeltæ*, or *Celtæ*, *c* being hard; in Spain *Gaeltiberi*, written with *c* hard, which, if pronounced soft like *s*, disjoins the whole connexion. Their identity is likewise confirmed by their ancient religion, manners and customs, being in the days of Cæsar nearly similar. That I am not mistaken in the hard sound of *c* before *e* and *i*, there is respectable authority. Toland, a writer whose classical authority stands unrivalled, says that by the ancient Romans, *c* before *e* and *i*, had the force of *k*, as well as before *a*, *o*, *u*, and in the words *cicero*, *censeo*, *coecus*, the *c* was pronounced as *k*, *kikero*, *kenseo*, *keekus*; likewise, in the Phœnician alphabet, delivered by Cadmus to the Greeks, from which the Roman is derived, and used in Ireland to the present day, no such letter as *k* is to be found, although its sound was often imposed upon *c*. The word *Celtic* is domestic, of Phœ-

nician origin no doubt, belonging to a people who, in ancient times, gave name to Cadiz, then *Gades*, and to the *Cadhelquivir* in Spain, and to *Port na gael*, now Portugal, on the same coast; no doubt from some distinguished leader of their own, or some incidental circumstances in their history.

The geographical position of the country occupied by the Phœnicians, on the very extremity of the Mediterranean, the period of time in which they lived, unrivalled by competition, for more than one thousand years, gave them an advantage that no people ever possessed. Two arms of the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, and the Gulf of Persia, aided by the noble rivers, the Tigris and Euphrates, which empty into the latter, brought them into the neighborhood, by water communication, with all the new settlements of Africa on the north, and shores of Asia and the isles of the Eastern Ocean on the south; while the Mediterranean Sea, stretching west for two thousand miles, introduced them to the great Atlantic ocean. Here was a range for mercantile pursuits, for planting colonies, making settlements, and enriching themselves, and the neighboring nations, at the expense of the labor of the more distant inhabitants. Traces of their labors are to be found on all the shores and islands of the Mediterranean, and outside of the Atlantic, all along the European coast and islands. Their language is yet retained among the natives in many places, and monuments of their religious practices, as durable as the everlasting hills.

Their trading voyages, as reported in the days of Solomon, sometimes occupied three years; the combined fleets of Tyre, Carthage, and ships fitted out by the Israelitish king, would depart, loaded with the produce of their fields and manufactories, visit their settlements on the shores of the Mediterranean, pass out of the straits, exchange for the productions of the mines in Spain and Britain, circumnavigate Africa, enter the Red Sea loaded with the productions of that country, ivory, guinea fowls, negroes, goats, silver, iron, tin, lead, &c. for the use of the manufactories at home, and the ornamenting of the city of Jerusalem. These were the bees who made the honey in the old world, and enriched the ancients,—this, the source and cause of eastern luxury. Solomon with his 1000 wives, and Nebuchadnezzar with his 1000 feasts, and Persia with her chariots and horsemen, owed them much. As to their progress in the useful and ornamental arts, David, Solomon, and the Prophets, bear ample testimony. They discovered the process of glass making, and for dying the most beautiful colors. The process for fixing on cloth the celebrated Tyrian purple, said to be lost, is yet preserved among their descendants in the British Isles; a fluid drawn from the murach of a shell fish of the conch kind, stains the original Tyrian dye, and is capable of fixing when applied to cotton or other stuff, a beautiful purple color, that neither air, moisture, or washing can obliterate, but rather tends to improve. Plutarch, a Greek, who wrote in the days of Trajan, speaking of this dye says, the coloring matter was taken from a shell fish called murex, of a horny or rough shell. In this he requires to be set a little straight. The Pœnician word murach, which he writes with an *x*, unwilling to gutturalize it, signifies not any particular fish, but the fish found within the shell of any kind of

shellfish, in contradistinction to the name when the shell is on. This mistake threw a mystery over the affair, as no particular shellfish of that name was to be found. This fluid may turn out to be, when chemically analyzed, sodine or bromine, or perhaps both animalized in combination; marine productions, capable of striking such beautiful colors with starch, and other substances. Their shipping and manufacturing business, were carried on in Sidon, Tyre, Byblos, and subsequently Carthage, and in their naval depot near the Straits of Gibraltar. This latter must have been of considerable importance and by many is thought to be the "Tarshish" of the Scriptures which sent round Africa such large fleets in the days of Solomon to the Red Sea. When Jonas was fleeing from the destruction of Nineveh to this place, he shipped at Joppa, a port of the Mediterranean, and a few miles from Jerusalem, which he would not have done had Tarshish been located, as some aver, on the shores of the Eastern ocean, as from a port on the Red Sea would have been his direct rout, unless the prophet had determined to take the aid of a miracle, and sail across the isthmus of Suez, or circumnavigate the whole continent of Africa, by the way of Gibraltar, and the Cape of Good Hope. Their manufactured goods as described in the furniture of Solomon's temple, and even the design of that edifice may vie in comparison with any fabric of the kind, either ancient or modern; and the temples of ancient Egypt what yet remains of them, no doubt the work of their hands show, that they had brought architecture and sculpture to perfection before either of these arts were much advanced in Greece or Rome. Their fairs were attended by traders from all nations, and the produce of the east, west, north and south, of the then habitable world, were to be found in them.\* The tin ware extracted from the mines of the north, was exchanged for the spice and perfumes of the east; the peltry of new settlements for the riches of a more favored region; a reference to the 26th and 27th chapters of the prophet Ezekiel, and 23d of Isaiah, will show how their trade was carried on in their day, and how the cupidity, and envy of the surrounding nations were excited, who only wanted a favorable opportunity, of seizing on the accumulated intellect and wealth of ages.

PHILO.

## MORAL CHANGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE YEMASSEE, MELLICHAMPE, &amp;c.

DARKNESS is gathering round me, but the stars  
Silent and unobtrusive, stealing out,  
Lend beauty to the night. The air comes cool  
Up from the fountain, and the murmuring breeze,  
Gushing from yonder valley, has a song  
Spelling the silence with a witchery  
That might have come with dreams. It is the hour,  
When sad sweet thoughts have sway—when memory,  
Triumphant o'er the past, waves her bright wand,

\*Isaiah says, chap. 23, "Their merchants were princes and their traders the honorable of the earth."

And bids the clouds roll back, and lifts the veil  
That had been closed behind us, as a wall,—  
And the eye sees, and the heart feels and lives  
Once more, in its old feelings. I retread  
The groves of past affections, and dear hopes  
And dreams, that looked like hopes, and fled as well.  
This is the spot—I know it as of old  
By various tokens, but 'tis sadly changed.—  
Men look not as they did; and flowers that grew  
Nursed by some twin affection, grow alone,  
Pining for old attendance. Thus our change  
Brings a worse change on Nature. She will bloom,  
To bless a kindred spirit, but she flies  
The home that yields no worship. She is seen  
Through the sweet medium of our sympathies,  
And has no joy beside. It is our eye  
Alone that finds her lovely—'tis our thought  
That makes her dear, as only in our ears  
Lies the young minstrel's music, which were harsh,  
Did not our mood yield up fit instrument  
For his congenial fingers.

It is thus,—

The beautiful evening, the secluded vale,  
The murmuring breeze, the gushing fountain, all,  
So exquisite in nature to the sense,  
So cheering to the spirit—bring me nought  
But shadows of a gloomy thought that rise,  
With the dusk memory—with repeated tales,  
Censuring the erring heart—hope with its loss—  
Loss upon loss—the dark defeat of all  
The pleasant plans of boyhood—promises  
That might have grown in fairy land to flowers,  
And were but weeds in this. They did but wound  
Or cheat and vanish with deluding glare—  
Having the aspect of some heavenly joy,  
They also had its wings, and tired of earth,  
Replumed them back for the more natural clime,  
And so were lost to ours. Hopes still wrong  
And torture, when they grow extravagant—  
Youth is their victim ever, for they grow,  
With the advancing season, into foes  
That warble upon him. 'Tis a grief to me,  
Though a strange pleasure still, thus to look forth,  
Watching, through lengthening hours, so sweet a scene  
And winning back old feelings as I gaze.  
Boyhood had drawn a picture fair like this  
On fancy's vision. Ancient oaks were there,  
Giving the landscape due solemnity—  
A quiet streamlet trickled through a grove,  
And the birds sang most sweetly in the trees  
But then the picture was not incomplete,  
Nor I alone as now.

## THE SCOTCH MERCHANT.

THERE are few of us who have not been called upon at times to part with friends, and sunder those ties which have "grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength,"—to bid farewell to "old familiar faces," which have become unto us even as our second selves,—and to launch out into a busy world of strangers, "unknowing and unknown." Our sensibilities are far more acutely enlisted, when we are called upon to part with those who are advanced in years, than with our younger friends and companions. With the young there is always a buoyancy of hope which materially softens the pain felt at the moment of separation, though, conscious of the chances of life and death, we experience an internal sensation,—a whispering of the heart,—that we shall meet again. But with our aged friends we can seldom indulge such hopes,—*they* seem unto us like weary travellers whom we have met upon our road. We cannot lag behind to keep them company, and feel, as we pass, that we shall soon leave them far—far out of sight.

It was a fine spring morning in the year 18—, that I strolled out to make a parting call upon an old and valued friend,—one whom I regarded with unbounded affection, and whose memory I cherish with almost filial regard. The old gentleman was familiarly denominated by all of our family with the relative title of "Uncle Geordie," and never did human being better deserve that affectionate designation than he did.

Uncle Geordie was a Scotchman. A cheery and a kind hearted old man,—always ready with a joke, or a good word for every one, and always willing to sympathize with, and serve the unfortunate. It was hardly possible to come into contact with him without feeling that benign influence which emanates from a good heart, and sheds a guiding ray upon the path of life which would otherwise be totally obscured by the darkness of duplicity and deception. He was one of those unfortunate persons who are afflicted with near sightedness, which was a constant source of torment, and which daily led him into the commission of numberless mistakes and blunders, and which eventuated in one of the greatest afflictions that humanity can suffer,—I mean blindness. The old gentleman always had a most extraordinary dislike to glasses, though rarely did his friends let slip an opportunity of urging their use,—yet he remained inflexible in his dislike. Being a merchant, and like most Scotchmen, a man of untiring industry, much of his time was necessarily spent at his desk, where one might daily see him for hours perched upon his high stool, with his nose almost touching the paper upon which he was writing. From such natural causes and increasing age, the old gentleman became totally blind, and having met with some misfortunes in business, he determined to close his concerns, and retire upon what little he had remaining.

Every body looked upon uncle Geordie as an old bachelor, and long as I had known him I never had the least intimation, either from himself or others, to the contrary. Though it did not escape my observation, that whenever any of the common jokes and sarcasms, under which all of that useless tribe are made to suffer, were passed

upon him, his countenance would assume an indescribably sad expression,—the big tears would gather in his eyes, and the old man would turn away with such meek and quiet resignation, as would disarm even the most heartless trifler. Many were the attempts made to probe the causes of such unwonted exhibition of feeling, but they were of no avail. My father was supposed to know much of the old man's history, and was therefore beset by the curious and the inquisitive. But their efforts were useless; he always maintained so unyielding and immovable a silence upon that point, that curiosity was at length wearied out, and uncle Geordie had no more jokes cut upon him, and they ceased to pester my father with enquiries.

In all the city of Charleston there was not, perhaps, a pleasanter tenement, than was the small and unpretending box occupied by uncle Geordie,—situated upon one of the streets called the Bay. It commanded a most enchanting view of the harbor, and adjacent islands, and upon a summer evening a more delightful spot could hardly be found anywhere. Often have I, when a boy, sat upon the wharf which bounded the lot, kicking my heels unconsciously against the palmetto logs, watching the returning fleet of fishermen's boats, as the broad rays of the setting sun glittered upon the bosom of the beautiful Ashley. Often have I been startled from some youthful reverie of far away lands as I saw vessels enter or leave the harbor,—by the deep boom of the "sundown gun"—echoing across the waters. Or, perhaps, I would sit a delighted listener to uncle Geordie and a knot of friends, who were in the habit of gathering around the old man, on a summer afternoon, to enjoy their wine and the refreshing sea breeze. Whilst the joke, and "the tale of other days" would elicit shouts of laughter, and draw together the chords of friendship. Dear old times! ye have passed away as the vapour which exhaleth from the earth, and there is naught left but the memorials ye have graven upon my heart.

It had been sometime since I last saw the old gentleman. I had been much occupied by my coming departure, and every one knows that the first time we leave home is a matter of so much importance to us, that we invariably think that we cannot make too much bustle and preparation for the event. At least such was the case with me. There had been shaking of hands and kindly exchange of good wishes with all my especial cronies and old acquaintance,—but I reserved uncle Geordie for my last leave taking. I loved the old man dearly, and the tribute of affection was fairly his due. I entered the small and comfortable parlour where the blind man was seated by an open window, enjoying the morning air, and busily employed in brushing away the flies, which ever and anon came buzzing and bustling around him with indefatigable pertinacity.

He instantly recognized the well known sound of my footsteps, and greeted me immediately in his warm, cheery manner, and in the broad Scotch which he invariably spoke. "Hech! Willie, my bonnie man, its been lang since ye hae been to see yer uncle Geordie. What hae ye been about?" I replied that I had been busy making my preparations and taking leave of acquaintances. "So yer gaun awa Willie. Yer mither tauld me awhile ago that ye were gaun to Philadelphia. Od I

ken thae place weel,—but yer gaun to tak yer dinner wi me, the day, are ye no?" Such had been my intention, and I of course acquiesced in the old gentleman's invitation. "Pull the bell then till we see what Davie has to gie us." I did as I was desired, and was immediately greeted by the well known grin, and grizled woolly head of uncle Geordie's body servant,—and man of all work, Davie. "Yer maister Willie dines wi me the day, Davie, hae ye ony thing gude to gie him?" Davie replied by summing up the good things which stocked his larder, but concluded with the awful intelligence to uncle Geordie, that we could have neither pudding nor pie, "as his old woman had taken it into her head to fall sick that very day." Now to the old gentleman the absence of pie or pudding at the desert when he had a friend at his table, was a thing not to be tolerated. What was to be done? Davie, however smart he might be at most things, could by no means undertake to concoct the article desired, so notwithstanding my assertions that we could do very well without either, the old man persisted. "Davie ye'll gang down to the hotel, ye ken Mrs. Drummond aye has thae things every day. Ye'll gie my compliments to her, and tell her how the case stans. Ye mauna forgit to bid her gie ye something nice, an tell her it's Willie I hae wi me." We will pass over the dinner, which was in his usual style—that is excellent. For the old gentleman was something of an epicurean, and liked good living. After Davie had placed the wine and cigars before his master, and betaken himself to his own dinner and the consolation of his invalid better half, the old gentleman recurred to Philadelphia.

"I tauld ye, Willie, that I ken't Philadelphia weel. An so I do. Now, my dear bairn, yer gaun awa frae me, an it may be God's will that we never meet again on earth,—lang as ye hae ken't yer uncle Geordie, ye ken naething o' his history. We will wile awa the time by retracing for yer benefit the records o' by gane days. These auld knees, my dear laddie, hae often dandled ye, in yer bonnie bairn time. I hae seen ye grow up,—an I hae loved ye, as if ye were mine ain flesh an blude. An it was aye my desire that it should be yer hands which should lay my head in the mous. But it is *His* pleasure that it should be otherwise ordered, an we maun submit. Ye will listen to me, Willie, as ane whose journeying upon earth has nearly closed, and who feels grateful to Providence that his days have been lengthened out to him, and that his afflictions, tho' sair, have been less than what usually falls to the lot o' human nature.

My father was a cabinet maker, and was at ane time accounted the best workman in Glasgow. He was like the generality o' our countrymen, a douce, hard working, god fearing man, an sometime a ruling elder in the kirk.

My mither, the companion an soother of a' his ares, sickened and died when I was about fourteen years of age. She ad borne my father seven sons, of whom I was the last. But it was the will o' Divine Providence that nane o' them should live to grow up save myself. They all seemed strong an buirdly boys,—but after a while each pined awa, an died. It was doubtless a great heartbreak to my parents, to see their offspring thus wither awa, an die in the bud. After my mither's death,

naething seemed to gang right wi my father. He was a changed an altered man,—it is true he did na relax in his industry, but the spring an the spur which had supported, and urged him on through so lang a course of years, was broken and taen awa. He grew weary of the sights an the sounds which had sae lang been linked to his soul wi the music-of affection. One night after a hard day's work, an we had finished our lonely supper, my father sate brooding, as was his wont, over the fire. Awhiles he would raise his eyes, and look lang and fixedly upon me as I sate beside the light, reading. It seemed as if he had something upon his mind that he wish'd, yet was loath, to communicate. At length he spoke,—an there was something in the tones of his voice sae peculiar, that it has remained rivetted upon my memory from thae time until this. I hear, even now that deep, and mournful voice whose intonation seemed to come from a heart oercharged wi sorrow. "Geordie," said he, "ye hae been readin lately about thae ither lands far awa ower the deep sea. They hae been the refuge for the puir, the conscientious,—an the heart broken. A thought has come ower me, that we maun gang awa to the back woods o' America. My heart's no the same it ance was, an though I wad like my bones to rest in the land of my fathers, yet I feel within me an impulse I canna resist. Wad ye be willing, my son, to leave auld Scotland for thae far away land?" I need na say that I was taken wi surprize by sic an unexpected proposition. The big tears rolled down my cheeks, an I sobbed aloud. I had often, in my secret thoughts, wished to see some of thae ither lands that compose this great globe. But I never entertained an idea, that a proposal of that nature wad ever come from him. "Geordie," resumed my father, "I ken that my communication is abrupt.—I will na press the subject upon ye now, but gie ye time, my bairn, to reflect upon it. Ye will dosae, an if ye can make up yer mind to gang wi yer auld father, we will leave auld Scotland,—my blessings on her,—may be forever." As he concluded thae last words, he opened our great bible. An as he readit the chapter of Scripture, preparatory to our evening offerings, his voice faultered, an his eyes glistened wi the tears that came welling forth from his heart. He finished, an raised his hands, and said solemnly, "let us pray." Oh Willie, thae prayer of my father's will remain upon my memory until thae moment when I shall be called awa myself to lie down in the cauld grave. He had often prayed beautifully an earnestly before. But now, his words came forth wi the eloquence of inspiration. We retired to rest, but I could na close my een the whole night, my thoughts were busy wi the extraordinary circumstance which had occur'd. I tried to compose my mind, but for my life, I could na. The next day when we met, there was a mair than ordinary gravity an solemnity in his deportment. Our day passed awa in the usual routine of employment, and at night instead of takin my book, I placed my stool beside him, and in a voice as steady as I could command, communicated to him my determination. "Father," said I, "I hae thought upon what ye tell't me last night, and I am willing to gang wi ye, to the uttermost portion of the earth." My father laid his hand upon my shouther, an said, "Recollect, my dear bairn, ye brak a great tie,—the tie o' country. Next to the tie which binds the husband to the

wife,—the bond of union, an love to yer native land is the strongest. Hae ye gien a thing's due consideration?" "Father, I have. I love the blue hills, the brown heather, an the broomy knowes of bonny Scotland,—and I ken weel eneough if we wandered even unto the gardens of paradise, where all nature is aye bloomin in undyng beauty, the heart would still turn in its fondness to our own—our father-land.—I love it for it's by gone days and for what it is—I love it because it has aye been the home o' religion, knowledge and liberty. I love it, because it is the land of the Wallace an the Bruce."

"Enough, my bairn, we will gang."

Our preparations were soon made, and we sailed for New-York. A lang an weary voyage we had of it,—nearly continual storms an rough weather. The vessel was auld and sprung aleak; we were therefore obliged to work continually at the pumps, yet a good providence carried us through, till we near'd the land. But my puir father, like Moses of old was doomed to see, but never to enter, the land of promise. He pin-ed awa from over exertion, an died just as we got within sight of America, and the weary spirit fled awa—to a better, an a happier land. Ye maun imagine my father's death bed words to me, for I canna repeat them.

Our captain was a canny Scotchman, an in compliance wi his dying wishes, carried my father's body to New-York, where it was decently interr'd; and I took a portion of what money we had brought wi us and placed a decent headstone over his grave.

And now, Willie, I was a lonely boy, in a strange land. I walked abroad, but the sights an the sounds were na what I had been used to. I went amid the throng, there ere na "familiar faces," na voice to gang down to the heart as the tones of those we love, an cheer us on thro' the weary heart break of the world. Ye will experience the same feeling yorsel, now ye are about breaking the ties of yer childhood,—ye will feel yersel sick at heart, and pine for the wings of the bird, which soars aloft in the blue heavens—that ye might flee awa to yer ain home an be at rest. Never,—my dear bairn,—never forget the spot of yer birth. Ye may bide in the palace, or in the hovel,—ye will hae yer joys an yer sorrows,—but never, na never forget yer native land. Years have roll'd awa, from a boy—a youth—a man—till the snaws of age whiten upon my head,—yet Scotland, auld Scotland, is still the cherished of my heart.

I bided awhile in New-York, an then took the road for Philadelphia, which had been the ultimate destination of my puir father. I'm tauld ye have made great improvements in travelling,—that ye make the journey between thae twa great cities now, in a day or twa. It was then a thing of some preparation; nearly as much as wad now be made for a voyage across the Atlantic. I had a weary time o't, but arrived safe in Philadelphia, where I took lodgings wi a decent widow body whom our captain had recommended to me in New-York. My mind was athegither undecided what to do to make a livin. I had worked at my father's trade wi him, but somehow my mind never took kindly to it. As I was casting about wi my mind in this state of perplexity, I happened ae Lords day morning to gang into a Quaker meeting. I

was sae much taken wi the douce, quiet demeanour of the assembly, that I sate down amang them,—but the meeting was still an silent, an my mind withal oppressed an burthened, an (the Lord forgie me for it,) I fell fast asleep. I kenna how lang it was I sleepit, but was somewhat startled by waking an seeing a tall, gaunt Quaker body shaking me by the shouther. “Friend,” said he, thou hast done wrong to slumber in the place of worship, arise, the meeting is over. I arose and went out wi the Quaker, somewhat encouraged by the mildness of his voice, which belied his looks, and on our way he wiled me into some sma details of my history. The Quaker for awhile seemed lost in thought, and proceeded on in silence till he came to the door of a large house in the Market street, where he stopped. “Friend,” said he, extending to me one hand, while he pointed to the door wi the ither, “this is my house, thou wilt call upon me to-morrow, and as thou art a stranger in our city, I will see what can be done for thee.”

It is wonderful how a' the great events o'life spring from comparative trifles. There was the great Dr. Franklin, who wad hae thought that the puir lad who munched his penny roll as he gaed thro' the market place, wad hae looked upon the very lass, who was destined to be his bride; an she hersel, could na hae gien the maist remote guess, that thae very puir lad wad become one of the greatest an wisest men of the age, an her husband. An it aye seems strange to me that my ganging into a Quaker meeting by chance suld hae produced sic a change in my destiny. I am na theologian, I hae been brought up in the fear of the Lord, and as a humble professor in the kirk of Scotland. But I hae been awhiles sairly nonplussed at the doctrine of fate an destiny. It has aye sounded strange to me, that a portion of mankind were predestined to the joys o'heaven, whiles the ither were to gang down to the bottomless pit where there is “weeping an wailing an gnashing of teeth.” An after a', I kenna what gude it has ever done to be fashin oneself about thae intricate points, whiles we neglect the real substantials of religion. I hae seen yer lang legged “professors,” as they ca' themselves, turn up their noses at ony puir body who beggit an aumous in the name of God. Yet could we see reality unveiled, the puir beggar's heart wad be found overflowing wi “the wisdom that leadeth to salvation,” while the soul of the proud, self-elected christian wad be found a barren and a profitless wilderness.

But I am digressing frae my story; ye maun gie the auld man his bit o'philosophy. I called next morning, according to my engagement, at the Quaker's house, and found that he was engaged in the hardware trade. I was shown thro' a large store, to a sma rail'd in space where I found my friend sittin at his desk. He did na recognize me instanter, but on my telling him I was the lad he bade call upon him, the day before, he nodded, and laid down the pen he had been using, and motioned me to a seat. He desired me to gie him my history mair in detail than the opportunity of the foregoong day wad allow; which I accordingly did, and gied him a full account of myself down to thae very hour. When I had done, he took me kindly by the hand and said, “Friend, I have had much dealing with thy people, and have always found them upright and industrious; I have taken a singular fancy to

thy looks, and pity thine unprotected condition. I am in want of a lad of thy age to aid in the store, and if thou art willing to serve and dwell with me, I will cherish thee according as thou behavest. It is not my custom to employ persons upon such slight acquaintance, but thou bear-est in they looks what striketh me much, and I hope I shall not be deceived in thine integrity." I need na say I consented instanter to the kind Quaker's proposition, and was thae very day inducted into my duties in the store, and to my room in the house,—an became, from that day, as one of his family. I found the Quaker's family small,—it consisted of a maiden sister and an only daughter; his wife had lang been dead, and aunt Abby had acted as a mither to the orphan Mary, and keepit her brother-in-law's house in order. I maun here say a few words of aunt **Abby**. She was one of the tallest women I ever saw, an was at that time fifty years auld, or may be ayont it,—of an extraordinary spare body, and had a visage of uncommon sourness. But though her face looked cross and ill natured, a kinder and mair tender hearted creature never existed. Mony's the time when she saw or heard ony thing that pleased her, I hae laughed (the Lord forgive me) mair at the odd contortions by which she expressed her sensibility, than at the subject of our mirth; but, gude soul, she never ken't it, an was too innocent in heart to suspect ony thing. There might be fairer forms, but there could na be a purer soul. I will na describe the personal appearance of Mary to ye, Willie; this wheen image that I hae worn upon my bosom for forty years will give ye some sma idea of what she was. Look at it, my dear bairn, an let me pause a while, for my heart is full wi the recollections it excites." The old man had opened his waistcoat and taken from his bosom a small minature in a gold case. The colors had faded somewhat, from time, yet the form and expression were perfect. The face was one of uncommon sweetness, fair complexioned, with large expressive blue eyes, open forehead, with light flaxen hair parted smoothly upon it; the lips were beautifully formed, and the chin round, and full of character. The form was somewhat full, and gave the appearance of a beautiful girl of sixteen or seventeen years of age. After gazing upon the minature for some time, I silently placed it in the old man's hand, and looked up in his face. The large tears were streaming from his sightless eye-balls, while his lips were pale and quivering,—and his whole frame seemed shaking with emotion. I did not like to break into the train of holy recollections which were busy in the old man's heart, by any comments. I waited till he had so far mastered his emotion as to resume his narrative. "Yes, Willie, this *was* Mary,—forty years have passed away since I laid that fair being in the bosom of our common mither, earth,—an of so much worth, and beauty, this sma memorial, an that *ither in my heart*, is a' that is left. Wi a soul as pure as the snow just fallen from above, and a mind, strong, yet tender and sensitive as thae plant which shrinks frae the touch,—she gaed down to the grave, in the blush an bloom of her youth an beauty. *Vale, Maria, vale in eternum!"*

But to resume my story. Years rolled on, and as my habits were those of quiet and retirement, they comported so well wi those with whom I dwelt, that my happiness was perfect. Awhiles friend Benja-

min, as was the Quaker's name, wad bring me some gude book to read aloud to the family circle on the lang winter evenings. Oh Willie, it was a pleasant sight to see people sae contented and happy. There wad friend Benjamin sit, wi his braad beaver upon his head, his legs stretchèd out upon the fender, and his fingers entwined, whiles he gazed steadily upon the blazing fire. And there was aunt Abby wi her knitting—whiles Mary, who was never idle, wad be busy wi her needle. Thus did our lives pass away in one unvaried round of happiness. I had grown up from a boy to a well proportioned young man, and Mary become what ye hae seen in her picture. It's no surprizing that twa young beings, thus brought into continual contact, as was Mary an mysel, should love. It could na be avoided wi twa, whose souls accorded wi sic perfect unison. And we loved, but no wi the wild, fictitious passion which passes current wi the world. Na, ours was a deep, an holy affection, mair tender, but still like the tie of brither an sister. It was the bud, an the blossom of youthful an virtuous minds, bound thegither by a viewless an inexplicable bond; such as the angels of heaven might smile upon wi approbation, an consecrate wi a blessing.

There is na higher, na holier earthly feeling, than that which glows in the bosoms of twa individuals, singling themselves out frae the rest of the world by an instinctive impulse, as irresistible as the fascinations of a charm. I should rather call it a heavenly feeling,—a type an a foretaste of that endless an undying love which we are promised in thae ither world, where the pure soul, cleansed frae the drossy stains of earth, will exist in love unbroken an eternal. Mary and I were nearly isolated frae the world. She was na gadder about, an all my happiness was bound up in the circle where she moved; and though we loved each other as intensely as human feelings could possibly love, yet we were in total unconsciousness, and neither could hae gien a reason for the feelings which were glowing in our bosoms.

Though we were not sensible of the extent of the passion which riotèd in our hearts, not so the auld folk. A grim smile would flit across the features of friend Benjamin an aunt Abby, as some wee eccentricity or aberration came to light, which betrayed our hearts.

It was on a mild summer afternoon, just as the shadows of evening were falling, and the hum of busy life gradually dying awa, that the auld gentleman bade me draw my chair beside him, as he had something important to communicate. I thought it was something relating to the next day's business, and did as I was desired, not dreaming of what was to follow. "George," said he, "many years ago, thou camest to me a poor and friendless boy. My heart was drawn unto thee by some secret and inexplicable impulse, which I could neither account for, or control. Thou hast dwelt with me, and I am proud to say that thou hast verified the utmost of my expectations of the integrity of thy character. It is time now, that thou shouldst receive thy reward, and it shall be full and ample. Thou hast never received any stated salary for thy services in my business; but thou wilt find by my private books, that I have set apart for thee a yearly sum, which was increased as thy services became more valuable. This sum now amonnts to something, and thou wilt find it placed to thy credit upon the books of our bank. Thou

wilt claim it. I turned pale and shook in every limb. It seemed to me as a clap of thunder, breaking upon the startled senses in the midst of sunshine. No idea, not even the most remote, had ever cross'd my mind o' the possible contingency o' parting with those who were twined into the very fibres of my heart. The old man perceived my embarrassment and continued, "Fear not, my son, I have no desire to part with thee; on the contrary, I am about to propose what will unite us more closely. It is what has dwelt upon my mind for years, and been the secret prayer of my heart, as I have watched thee grow in virtue and integrity. Thou lovest my daughter Mary, and she returns thy affection. We are of the society of Friends,—a people who like not to marry, or give in marriage, with the sons and daughters of the stranger to our discipline. But thou art a youth in whom the seeds of virtue and religion have been timely planted and faithfully cultivated. Thou hast therefore the essentials, and we need not stretch the point too much for the forms. Thou lovest my child—take her to wife, my son, and may the blessing of the Almighty rest upon ye both." I rushed into his arms, and could but gasp out, "my more than father!"

That very evening made Mary and me happy in a mutual understanding, an on that very evening was the time appointed when she was to become my bride. There's nae sic thing, Willie, as love, to make a man a' maist change his nature. At this distance of time I can look back to much that was in itself the very supreme of the ridiculous. I ken na who it is that says, "there was never a man in love who did not make a fool of himself"—an na truer words were ever wrote. Tho' I canna say that I made a downright fule of mysel; but I was at whiles a wheen eccentric, and who wad na be so, wi their head's dizzy wi happiness. The time of our marriage arrived, an in the presence of a few friends, those who were Quakers keeping cautiously outside of the door, Mary became mine. The grim, saturnine features of friend Benjamin seemed glowing wi the deep an placid benignity which emanates from the consummated wishes o' a good an benevolent heart. And aunt Abby, the odd expression of satisfaction which dwelt upon her features beggars a description; nae human beings could hae keepit down their risibility, if they lookit into her face, where every feature, an muscle seemed turned awry frae their natural form an position. Even Mary hersel, tho' taken up wi the newness of her situation, could na keep frae an occassional smile—at the varied physiognomy of our worthy aunt. Dear auld soul, through a' the travellings of my life I hae never lookit upon her like in form or in heart. I found the day after my marriage that the auld man had associated my name wi his in business, as an equal partner in the concern. Thus was my cup of happiness filled even to overflowing—the husband of a young an beautiful being—and the possessor of wealth. What more could I desire? But the Lord giveth, and he taketh away. This picture of human bliss in perfection was not to last long. I had drank of the wine cup of felicity—an my soul had become drunken wi joy—the sunshine was to pass awa, an the shadow of death an desolation to rest upon what had hitherto been one blaze of light.

Time rolled on, an Mary made me the delighted father of a beautiful boy. Ah, Willie, there was mair than earthly sweetness in the expression of her countenance, an almost heavenly music in the tones o' her voice as she placed this pledge of our love in my hands an said, "George, he is thine and mine." Mary's recovery was rapid, and in a short time she was enabled to attend to the household affairs which were now placed entirely under her care—while aunt Abby assumed the important post of nurse,—a post she filled with the maist affectionate tenderness. Our father was happy, an blessed in the work of his hands.

One unfortunate day Mary had been out making some purchases, when it came on to rain heavily while upon her way home, an she got wet. The Philadelphians are in no ways afraid of water, an Mary had often been caught in a shower before, so naething was thought of it. The consequence was, that she took a violent cold. We a' thought it nae mair than a common cold which wad soon disappear, an paid nae attention to it. But ah! too fatal security,—the destroying angel had breathed upon her,—the disease settled upon her lungs, and in a short time I beheld my beloved wife in a rapid consumption. Words canna picture our consternation. The best o' human skill was called in, but it was of no avail; the canker worm had sunk deep, an the flower droop'd an witherd rapidly awa. What need I say mair,—the companion of my youth, the wife o' my bosom soon lay in my arms an emaciated an a breathless corpse.

Oh death, thou art a fearful thing! Human imagination has clothed thee in the maist awful an terrific forms. Thou art dreadful when thou comest to us in the "pride of our glory"—when our bosoms are unprepared, an rioting in worldly enjoyment. But thou art doubly so, when thy fatal dart striketh the beloved of our hearts, an breaketh the chords which more than bind us to existence.

We buried my Mary after the simple fashion of her people. And her father, of a truth may it be said, that he "never smiled again." His stern and iron features became still more gloomy, and immovable. Death was not satiated with the treasure he had taken—in a few short weeks after my Mary's death, our child sickened, an soon followed its blessed mither. Yet another blow eame, an aunt Abby sunk into the grave wi a broken heart.

Ah, Willie, here was desolation. Our treasures had been swept awa, an we were broken down wi the poverty of our hearts. The world's goods, by time an labour, can be replaced, but our soul's beloved, they return na mair—an nane can ever be what they were unto us. I grew weary of life, an could na thole to bide where a' things were fraught wi memorials of "the loved and the lost." A book, a flower, a bird—all things—animate or inanimate, were intimately linked wi recollections of my Mary.

"George," said my father-in-law to me one evening, "the hand of the Almighty has stricken us sore, my son, and I bow down with a humbled heart beneath his chastening rod. I know that thou canst not remain where memory will be ever busy—let us part. Go, my son, seek some other abiding place, where thou canst school thy heart in the knowledge of sufferance. As for me, the earth and earthly things are as naught."

I will go to some distant kindred, and abide with them, till I am mercifully called upon to follow my child. We will share our worldly goods equally. Take thou thy part, mine will I divide among our kindred, and the poor of my people. We parted. I came to this city, an embarked again upon the restless tide of life with varied fluctuations of fortune. It was na long before a letter brought me tidings that the father of my Mary was at rest wi the sleepers of Time."

The shadows of night were falling as the voice of the old man ceased, and the pause which ensued was long and unbroken till I rose to bid him farewell. He placed his hand upon my head, and in the rich eloquence of a full heart, gave me the treasure of an old man's blessing.

Many years have passed since I have trod my native soil, and many more may perhaps pass away, before I see the sod which covers the remains of the Scotch Merchant.

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#### STANZAS TO —.

VEX me no more with idle hope,  
Nor deem this struggle all;  
I may not with my fortune cope—  
I conquer, but to fall!

'Twas ever thus—the hours that came,  
Still unforgetting, brought,  
Some newer form of grief or shame,  
Some deeper care to thought.

From friendship's bosom cast, I flew,  
And passion shared my breast;  
My hours of calm delight were few,  
And madness sway'd the rest.

I sought for love and found deceit,—  
I turn'd to peace, and, lo!  
A stranger to my wand'ring feet,  
She bade me fly to wo.

But wo, already, knew my want,  
And with a guardian care,  
She sought me out in every haunt,  
Nor left me any where.

She prowld around my steps by day,  
And in my dreaming hours,  
She drove the fancied joy away,  
And blighted all its flow'rs.

W.G.S

## FACTS AND SPECULATION ON CHOLERA.

THE prevalence of cholera in Charleston during the past season,—its origin, progress, and final disappearance,—furnish topics for discussion which may be profitably brought before the public. It is earnestly to be desired, that our scientific physicians,—and more especially the learned professors in our Medical Colleges,—to whom all such investigations appropriately belong,—should not suffer the occasion to pass away unimproved. The best opportunities have been afforded them for investigating the causes and true character of the disease, and for ascertaining the proper measures to be adopted for its prevention or removal. That the result of their investigations will be given to the world in due season, we have no reason to doubt. In the mean time, we have supposed, that it might not be unacceptable to the public, that such facts should be submitted as may have fallen under the observation of individuals,—which may be calculated to throw any light on this most interesting and important subject. Having been placed in a situation in which it became our official duty, to take an active part in the measures adopted for the preservation of the public health,—we have had, in consequence, some opportunities of marking the character and progress of the disease. Believing that some facts have come to our knowledge from which the conclusion *may be drawn*, that measures may hereafter be adopted TO ENSURE THE SAFETY OF OUR SLAVES, AT LEAST ON THE PLANTATIONS,—we feel in duty to ourselves bound to submit our impressions to the public, in order that the accuracy of our observations and the correctness of our inferences may be tested. There is every reason to apprehend, that this fatal malady will again make its appearance amongst us,—and that every part of the State may, in time, be exposed to its ravages. It is a subject, therefore, to which the attention of every citizen should be earnestly called; and let every planter, in particular, take care that he be not found unprepared.

The cholera made its appearance most unexpectedly in this city. Having been so long exempted,—and especially during the two last summers, when it appeared almost on our borders,—the citizens of Charleston seemed to have come to the conclusion, that there was no danger to be apprehended from this cause. Hence the usual precautions for the preservation of the public health had been, in some measure, neglected. No *quarantine* was established, and the streets, lots, wells and sinks were by no means in a proper condition. To this false security may perhaps also be attributed the unquestionable existence of cholera in the city for several days,—we might almost say weeks,—before the alarm was given or the presence of the disease publicly acknowledged. Those physicians who first proclaimed the existence of Asiatic cholera amongst us, were set down as *alarmists*, and did not escape censure from their more sceptical brethren. A few of the members of the medical profession continued indeed stoutly to deny the presence of this disease in our city,—even when it was hurrying its victims to the grave in appalling numbers. On the 28th day of April, however, the Board of Health proclaimed the existence of Asiatic cholera in Charleston. From that time, up to the 6th November, the Weekly Reports of the Board of Health exhibit the following result.

## CHOLERA IN CHARLESTON, 1836.

EXTRACT FROM THE WEEKLY BILLS OF MORTALITY.

	WHITES.		BLK. & COL.		<i>Total deaths fm. all causes.</i>	<i>Total Cholera.</i>
	<i>Adults.</i>	<i>Children.</i>	<i>Adults.</i>	<i>Children.</i>		
From the 28th August to the 4th September,	5	0	21	2	28	45
" " 4th Sept. " " 11th "	5	0	24	5	34	62
" " 11th " " 18th "	9	0	25	3	37	59
" " 18th " " 25th "	11	1	39	0	51	80
" " 25th " " 2d October,	10	4	68	12	94	118
" " 2d Oct. " " 9th "	6	0	41	16	63	94
" " 9th " " 16th "	3	0	26	5	34	57
" " 16th " " 23d "	2	1	17	4	24	36
" " 23d " " 30th "	1	1	13	0	15	31
" " 30th " " 6th November,	0	0	2	0	2	15
	52	7	276	47	382	597

Whites, 59. Blacks and Colored, 323.

From the Minutes.

A. G. HOWARD, M. D.

Clerk Board of Health.

We annex, by way of comparison, the Bill of Mortality during the prevalence of yellow fever in the summer of 1817.

## YELLOW FEVER IN 1817.

*Weekly Bills of Mortality as published in Charleston in 1817, during the prevalence of "Yellow," or "Strangers" Fever.*

From 27th July to 3d August,	Yellow Fever, 3—Total all causes,	32
" 3d August	" 10th "	16 " 48
" 10th "	" 17th "	9 " 35
" 17th "	" 24th "	22 " 49
" 24th "	" 31st "	32 " 62
" 31st "	" 7th September,	26 " 58
" 7th September	" 14th "	36 " 63
" 14th "	" 21st "	35 " 69
" 21st "	" 28th "	43 " 71
" 28th "	" 5th October,	23 " 49
" 5th October	" 12th "	9 " 28
" 12th "	" 19th "	8 " 38
" 19th "	" 26th "	1 " 17
" 26th "	" 2d November,	1 " 34
" 2d November	" 9th "	3 " 27
" 9th "	" 16th "	1 " 13
" 16th "	" 23d "	2 " 26
" 23d "	" 30th "	1 " 15
" 30th "	" 7th December,	0 " 15
	271	749

From this period the disease may be regarded as having entirely disappeared, though one or two straggling cases have since occurred.

It may be well to notice one or two circumstances here, which may perhaps tend to throw some light on the character and progress of this disease, when compared with yellow fever. It will be seen that the cholera made its appearance nearly *a month later* than the time when the yellow fever broke out in 1817,—or when that disease usually makes its appearance in Charleston. It attained its greatest height in

five weeks, and afterwards gradually declined for five weeks more, when it finally disappeared. The increase of cholera was not attended by a corresponding increase of other diseases, as is usually the case with yellow fever. In the second week when there were thirty-four deaths from cholera, there were twenty-eight deaths by other diseases; while in the sixth week, when the deaths by cholera had advanced to ninety-four, there were but twenty-four deaths from all other causes. The mortality from cholera has been *greater than ever before occurred in this city*, at least in our day, from yellow fever, or any other epidemic whatever,—while the general mortality during its existence was less than during the prevalence of yellow fever in 1817,—the most fatal season within our recollection. The comparison stands thus:—

1817.	Yellow Fever,	271.	Other diseases,	478.	Total,	749
1836.	Cholera,	382.	Other diseases,	215.	Total,	597

From this statement it would seem that there were in 1817 general causes in operation in the city unfavorable to health; while during the past season, but for the existence of cholera, our citizens might have enjoyed more than an usual degree of health.

It has been remarked by one of our ablest and most experienced physicians, (the late Dr. Mathew Irvine,) that yellow fever never prevails to any extent in Charleston, unless the whole surrounding country is unusually sickly; and, it is worthy of note, that this was generally the case during the last spring and summer, from the general prevalence throughout the low country of hooping cough, measles, bilious fevers, &c.

Whether the causes that produced these diseases, contributed in any degree to the introduction or aggravation of cholera, it is not for us to determine. The most striking characteristic of cholera, however, was the *peculiar liability of NEGROES*, and other persons of color, to its attacks, while the *WHITE POPULATION*, whether strangers or natives, were comparatively exempt, and *children* in both classes were less liable to be attacked than adults. All past experience had fully established the fact, that our black population are hardly liable in any degree to the usual summer diseases of our climate. Very few of them fall victims to yellow fever in the city, or bilious fevers in the country, even in the worst seasons. Indeed the summer, both in town and country, may be considered as the healthy season with the blacks. The causes therefore which produce cholera would seem to be of a different nature from these which produce the fevers and other summer diseases of our climate, and while the constitution and habits of the negro race, render them less liable than the whites to the latter, they are peculiarly susceptible to the inroads of the former. This circumstance is worthy of investigation, and we doubt not, will command the attention of the faculty, to whom we must look up for light on this important subject.

In the performance of our official and personal duties, we have been called to witness many cases of cholera,—to visit the places in which it prevailed, and to adopt preventative measures for the safety of the citizens.

The result of our observations satisfied our mind entirely on two most important points, viz:

1st. That CHOLERA IS NOT CONTAGIOUS.

2d. That it is almost always CONFINED TO PARTICULAR SPOTS.

On the first point, the proof, in our estimation, amounts to demonstration.

Of at least sixty practising physicians, many of whom were almost constantly engaged by day as well as by night, in attending on the sick, *not one took the disease*; and hundreds of others, who like ourself visited the sick at all times, and were much employed in and about the places where the disease prevailed in its greatest violence, escaped entirely. Indeed we have not known, nor have ever heard, of any *well authenticated case*, in which there was good ground, even to suspect, that cholera was communicated by *contact with the person*. It is said to have been carried to Santee by a schooner, and is even supposed to have been imported into Charleston by a vessel from the West Indies;—but this, *if so*, would not go to establish *contagion*. The atmosphere in the hold of a ship, may communicate cholera, as we know it does yellow fever, without affording any evidence that the disease is contagious. We believe the almost unanimous opinion among all intelligent persons in this city, including perhaps the whole medical faculty, founded on our recent experience is, that the CHOLERA IS NOT CONTAGIOUS. There is no danger whatever, in attendance upon the sick, or paying the last offices to the dead.

On the second point, our personal observation and experience, have left not a shadow of doubt on our mind, that THE CHOLERA IS A LOCAL DISEASE,—that is to say, that it PREVAILS ONLY IN PARTICULAR SPOTS. On its first appearance in a neighborhood, it seizes upon *a particular house*,—most of the inmates of which will be attacked, while persons living next door, are entirely exempt. From this point it usually advances, step by step, from house to house, almost with the regularity of an army, making its approaches towards a besieged city. Eventually it may pervade a whole square, but not unfrequently *travels in veins*, and as it appeared to us, generally in the direction of the *low grounds*, and *made lands*. Though the cholera appeared in the course of the summer in various places, we do not think it ever pervaded *the whole city*. While in some places, four, five, or six persons were dying in one house, there where entire neighborhoods in which not a single case of cholera occurred. It was our fortune to live in the very midst of what might be regarded as an infected district. Within the circumference of a circle, where the diameter would not exceed eighty or one hundred yards, I can count up thirty deaths by cholera, while there were entire squares in other parts of the city, in which hardly a case occurred. Whatever may be the general causes which produce cholera, it is certain, that low moist, and marshy ground,—the accumulation of putrid vegetable matter, badly ventilated and filthy habitations,—the want of personal cleanliness, and inattention to diet, are *aggravating causes* of the disease. When the cholera broke out amongst us, the city was in a condition favorable to the existence of the disease. In a small house in my neighborhood, where three negroes died in rapid succession, we found on examination, a mass of filth quite sufficient to produce a pestilence; in another house, where five or six perished in one day, it appeared, on taking up the floor, that there was underneath *a stagnant pond*, and in various other situations local causes were discovered sufficient to account for the peculiar violence of the disease in those quarters. Intemperance in *eating* and *drinking*, was another exciting cause of this disease, and this, we believe, to have been the *chief reason* why

cholera has always proved so fatal among the blacks. In spite of all our efforts to prevent it, the men constantly frequented the *dram shops*,—and both sexes indulged in their *late and gross suppers*,—chiefly on fish and unwholesome vegetables,—to which the negroes of the city have been long accustomed. The following case came to my knowledge. The negroes, in the family of a widow lady, were successively attacked and fell victims to the cholera, until the house was abandoned *as infected*. According to our usual practice in such cases, we caused the premises to be examined, to discover, if possible, the existence of some local cause adequate to the effect,—but none such could be perceived. On further investigation, however, it appeared that a negro man, a fisherman, had a wife in the yard, and the sale of fish after night being prohibited, he was in the habit of coming home late with the *refuse of his stock*, and regaling his fellow servants, after the family had retired to bed, with a *fish supper*,—and though they all died off in rapid succession, they did not to the last, even suspect, that the fish suppers had any thing to do with it. A highly respectable physician assured me, that he knew a case of a negro woman, who having practised self-denial until the disease began to abate, determined, when she considered all danger at an end, to “treat her resolution,” and accordingly cooked a supper of *peas and potatoes*, of which she ate heartily. She was taken that night with cholera and died before morning. The rapid progress of this disease is indeed most appalling. I knew a hale man, of good habits, who without any premonitory symptoms whatever, was taken at 10 o’clock at night and died in little more than two hours,—before the attendance of a physician could be obtained. It is no part of our purpose to say any thing as to the *medical treatment* of this disease; we leave that to the faculty. But we think it was pretty well agreed among the medical gentlemen, and others, that a simple, though *nourishing diet*, warm clothing, temperate habits, and a firm and cheerful mind, are the best *preventives*,—and that on the first assault, *stimulants*, such as camphor, opium, &c. are in most cases to be resorted to. As to bleeding, calomel, and the hundred other remedies that have been resorted to, all according to their respective advocates with “astonishing success,—we can only say, “who can decide, when doctors *disagree*.” Without dwelling further on this subject, we will come at once to the point to which we desire more especially to call public attention,—the means of *avoiding the disease*, by **AN IMMEDIATE REMOVAL** from the neighborhood, in which it prevails. This is the only effectual remedy with which we are acquainted, and we are persuaded, that when resorted to, *in the country*, in due season. (for unfortunately it can rarely be adopted in the city,) it will never be found to fail. Let our planters be assured, that if any of their negroes perish from cholera, hereafter, *it must be their own fault*. A TRAVELLING CAMP moving before the enemy, and keeping an interval even of a single mile between them, will we are thoroughly convinced, be always found to afford COMPLETE SECURITY. We have never heard of an instance, nor do we believe that any exists, in which negroes were removed into THE PINE LAND on the first approach of cholera, in which it ever made its appearance *among them*. The experience on the Savannah River, the summer before last, was decisive on this point, and so we are told it has been on

Santee, during the last season.\* We have heard of three plantations where the negroes were removed before the cholera approached, in neither of which did a single death occur, while the mortality all around in the immediate neighborhood, was dreadful. In our own case, on the approach of the cholera within a mile of our plantation, we removed our whole gang of negroes,—men, women and children,—into the woods, and kept them encamped for ten days, without a single case of sickness from any cause having occurred during that period. The disease having then disappeared in the neighborhood they were brought back to their houses. The removal of negroes is easily effected, and exposes them to no risk whatever. Coarse tents made of common twilled homespun, loosely stitched together,—which can be done in a few hours,—or rudely constructed huts, with *good fires kept constantly burning*, will answer every purpose. My negroes were removed and comfortably lodged on a high and dry pine ridge, in a single day.

We cannot conclude this article, without paying a merited tribute of praise to the citizens of Charleston, for their exemplary conduct during the trying scenes of the past summer. The order, firmness and devotion to duty universally displayed,—the fearless performance of all the offices of affection and charity,—the tenderness manifested by the owners of slaves to those committed to their care,—the freedom from all panic; the skillful, assiduous and exemplary discharge of their appropriate duties, by the medical profession,—were all, highly honorable to the community, and doubtless contributed, under Providence, to lessen the ravages of the disease. In comparison with other cities, Charleston has, in proportion to her population, suffered less than other places similarly situated,—notwithstanding the peculiar liability of the blacks,—who compose more than half of our population,—to attack. In other places the sick have often been abandoned, and the dead have sometimes remained unburied. In one city, we read of hundreds of dead bodies, being allowed to putrefy, from the panic, which had seized upon the community. Not one such case occurred in Charleston. Even our hospitals, well provided and attended by skillful physicians, were almost without patients. The comforts of home,—the kindest attendance in sickness,—and the usual offices for the dead, were extended alike to all,—and thus a disease which had spread devastation through the civilized world, was devested of half its terrors.

\*Gen. Hamilton, who on the breaking out of cholera on the rice plantations, on the Savannah river two summers ago, with his characteristic energy and humanity, instantly repaired to the spot, and regardless of his own safety devoted himself for weeks to the assiduous care of his own slaves, as well as those of his neighbors, was fully convinced from his own observation and experience that a timely removal into the pine land afforded the only security from the attacks of the disease. A portion of his negroes, removed before the disease broke out on the plantation, were entirely exempt, while those removed at a late period, continued liable after their removal. A free communication between these two classes, did not in a single instance communicate the disease to those who had been removed in due season.

[Since writing this article we have conversed with an intelligent physician who spent a month at Santee last summer in attendance on the plantations where the cholera prevailed, and he assures us as the result of his own personal observation, that the only security from cholera, on the plantations, is *an early removal into the pine land*, and he has not a doubt that this will always afford COMPLETE SECURITY.]

## HYDROGRAPHY OF SOUTH-CAROLINA.

THE immense water power possessed by South-Carolina has been too little appreciated, for even our own people to have a competent knowledge of the subject. In the Middle and Eastern States the vulgar opinion is, that the whole State assimilates, in its geographical character, to the neighborhood of Charleston. However well known abroad may be the political character of the State, few know in fact its geography, topography, or hydrography. Upon this latter subject I propose to offer a few remarks.

I am of opinion that the upper part of the State is destined, at some day, to become a manufacturing district. Nature has given it every advantage in soil, climate, production and water power necessary to induce, if not to compel, a large manufacturing interest to spring up amongst us. The completion of the Cincinnati and Charleston Rail Road will remove the only difficulty which has heretofore existed, viz:—The *cost* of transportation to a sufficient market. With this road completed, taking into consideration the numerous advantages we have over the Northern States in various particulars, we can successfully compete with the most favored of the manufacturing States. *Selected* slave labor, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, will, I have no doubt, answer for all the ordinary manufacturing purposes. I have had some practical knowledge of manufacturing in my time, and, from twenty years observation, can entertain no doubt of the capacity of slave labor for that purpose.

The manufacturing States, from gross ignorance of the facilities we possess, scoff at the idea of Southern competition in manufactures. It is true we are an agricultural people, little inclined towards manufactures; but an impetus has been given that way, to the wealth and enterprise of our citizens, which will undoubtedly become stronger, if we continue to be harrassed by the many exciting questions which self-interest, folly and fanaticism are daily agitating.

In the event of another contingency, not utterly impossible, if we are not permitted to enjoy our property and institutions in peace, we shall be compelled to encourage manufactures amongst us, and to develop all the resources we possess in that way, as well as in many others. Labor in the manufacturing States, it is true, has been reduced to a perfect system. Machinery has been brought to almost the highest imaginable degree of perfection. Knowledge and skill in the higher branches of the art of spinning and weaving and building machinery are superabundant; but all the necessary skill and knowledge we require may be easily commanded by the South. Their perfect system of white labor, in a very few years cannot sustain them, when fairly brought into competition with slave labor. Madness alone can blind the non-slave holding States to the folly of driving us into a competition which must ultimately prove fatal to themselves.

The immense value attached to *their* water privileges, owing to their comparative scarcity, would give a manufacturer *here* an advantage in the outlay of his original investment too great to be overlooked by a prudent capitalist. With us, water powder is superabundant, and worth

very little. The mountain shoals on Euonee, said, by competent judges, to be equal in manufacturing facilities to the celebrated Pawtucket Falls in Rhode Island, together with four hundred acres of good farming land, were purchased not long since by an experienced manufacturer at twenty-nine hundred dollars. The Pawtucket Falls could not be bought for millions.

Manufactures are already beginning to get popular among us,—the Legislature has liberally aided the enterprise of individuals by granting acts of incorporation to *all* who have applied. Several cotton manufactures are now building in the State, and, in a very few years, if the inducements are continued, such establishments will cease to be a novelty to any one. Will this be credited by the politicians, operatives and capitalists of the manufacturing States? I think not,—for they have been taught to believe that our State is a *flat* from the sea-shore to its northern boundary.

Allow me to give an example or two of the opinions entertained by the people of the manufacturing States of the hydrography of South-Carolina. A few years since a New-York Company sent out an agent to explore our State with a view to ascertain its facilities for manufacturing purposes. The agent reached Columbia in the stage,—heard of Gen.D.R. Williams' manufactory, and visited it, took down the country to Charleston, and returned by water to his employers, *reporting* that Gen. Williams owned the only water privilege in South-Carolina. Stupidity alone could have come to so absurd a conclusion,—yet this *report* was considered authentic, and the hydrography of our State was fixed by it in the middle and eastern States. In the summer of 1827, whilst travelling through the middle and eastern States, I scarcely met an individual in stage-coaches,—on board of steam boats,—or in the public hotels who had ever heard or could be made to credit that South-Carolina possessed any water power at all. The description I gave of the section of country where I resided was so different from the pre-conceived notions of most of those with whom I conversed, that I am satisfied they were considered of the Munchausen order, and I was compelled to be silent in order to avoid the incredulous looks of those who asked for information.

In one of the northern cities I formed a slight acquaintance with a well educated, highly interesting young gentleman who, among other things, informed me he intended to commence manufacturing. He remarked that he had been delayed in commencing his operations by the extreme difficulty he found in procuring a water privilege. I was aware that he was closely connected with an intelligent and respectable family in Charleston, and asked why he did not go to South-Carolina and commence his intended business. His reply was *you have no water power in the State.* I offered to explain to him, aided by a map of the State, the topography of the upper country and the character of its water courses. I thought myself, he said, when I finished, *well informed* on the subject of the water power of your State. Your account differs *in toto* from what I have ever heard before. I never saw the gentleman afterwards, and presume I made no change in his opinions, nor did I ever venture again to speak of the hydrography of the State until I reached home.

The South-Carolina Commissioners, in their report to the Knoxville Convention, remark. "But once open a highway, such as is now contemplated by the Charleston, Louisville and Cincinnati Rail Road, across these elevations which separate that mountain district from all participation in the industry of the people, and such a development of its resources as to place it in a condition competing with, if not rivaling all other countries. Under such a state of things the day would not be far distant when the Lowells and Pawtuckets,—the Manchesters and Birminghams would find their most favored locations at the cascades of the French Broad or near the rapids of the Holston,—the Clinch and the Nolachucky." Had these gentlemen had time to examine the Districts of Spartanburg, Greenville and Pendleton, they might well have applied the same observations to a section of their own State which, in the same extent of country, cannot be excelled either by the valley of French Broad or the most favored parts of New-England.

The Districts of Union, York and Laurens have an abundance of power and are excelled in that particular only by the three first named, from their closer proximity to the mountains. Abbeville, Edgefield, Newberry, Lexington, Fairfield and Lancaster are by no means deficient in water power, though it certainly is not so abundant as it is in the mountain Districts, nor do I suppose that section of country so well adapted to manufacturing purposes generally as the former, which are subject at no season of the year to bilious diseases.

It might easily be shown that the comparative health of even white operatives would be much greater in the frontier Districts of our State than it is in New-England. A single undeniable fact will, I think, verify this opinion. Consumption, a disease scarcely known among us, makes dreadful ravages among the operatives of the North. The inducements to this disease are found in the rigor of the climate, and the great extremes of heat and cold in winter to which all classes of operatives are subjected. If the thermometer be far below zero, out of doors, it must stand almost at summer heat within them, to enable the machinery to perform its functions. How can the operatives escape colds and their fatal consequences in their passage from one extreme to the other? In our mild and equal climate this evil is in a great degree avoided.

It is to be regretted that intelligent men from the low country, in their annual or occasional visits to the mountain Districts, have taken so little interest in their topography. The absurd errors regarding the geography of our State might long since have been corrected, had those who visited the up-country on business,—in pursuit of health or pleasure, devoted some small portion of their time to an examination of the various hydrostatic resources of this portion of the State.

But as I have neither space nor leisure for a particular account of all the rivers in the upper country, I will make a short description of the rivers and creeks of the District in which I reside—Spartanburg, which serves as a fair sample of the water power of a great part of the Districts I have enumerated,—a fact which, whether believed or not, any man may verify who will take the trouble to use his eyes.

Among a great number of small creeks found in the District are Thickety, Chinquepin, Cain, Peters and Cherokee,—all of which possess

a limited water power, which, at some day, may prove valuable, but which, at this time, is unimportant, owing to the abundance of unappropriated power found on the different rivers.

The Enonee, which, for twenty miles, constitutes the south western boundary between Spartanburg and Greenville, is a noble river, having a volume of water equal to the utmost wants of the most extensive manufacturing works. It has its source in Greenville and after running by Spartanburg, through Laurens and Newberry, is finally lost in Broad river, of which it is a tributary. Many of the shoals on this river are very valuable, though not estimated at a high price by their owners, who have appropriated them to no higher purpose, when appropriated at all, than the grist mill or saw mill. In particular places, as at the Mountain Shoals and at Musgrove's Mills, the waters of this river may be used to an almost unlimited extent. A village of manufactories, at either place, could find plenty of power and an abundance of water. An excess of water is perhaps the greatest objection that could be made to the beautiful Enonee.

But the Tyger, the bold-rushing, turbid Tyger is ours, as it would be the manufacturer's favorite stream. It is studded with mill seats, almost from its source to its mouth, and may compete with, if it does not excel, any other river in the United States of its length and volume;—and its volume is amply sufficient for any manufacturing purpose whatever. It has its principal source in Greenville, and, for thirty-five miles, gives Spartanburg the benefit of its waters. It is divided into three forks, known as North, Middle and South Tyger, either of which is sufficiently large to answer any ordinary requisition of water power. These forks become blended about ten miles before it passes the District line of Union. The Tyger is also a tributary of the main Broad. The shoals upon the main river and its three forks are numerous and valuable. The occupants upon its banks and low-grounds seldom suffer from its overflowing. It is too bold in its character to stop its course either to ravage the bottoms or excite disease in its neighborhood. Taken altogether I have no hesitation in pronouncing the Tyger, for manufacturing purposes, the most valuable river in the State,—and equal to any I have ever seen in any of the States.

The Fair Forest is a small river having its source in Spartanburg. It runs for about fifteen miles through the District, and has various mill seats more or less valuable upon it. It is a tributary of the Tyger, and empties into that river about twenty-five miles from its source. Its volume of water, at all seasons of the year, is fully equal to many streams in New-England upon which I have seen large and splendid manufacturing establishments.

The Packolet, having its principal source in Rutherford, No. Ca. is a very considerable river and well adapted for manufacturing purposes, from the variety of its shoals and the volume of its waters. The Packolet, like the Tyger, has three forks known as North and South Packolet and Lawson's fork of Packolet, upon each of which numerous valuable mill seats may be found. Its course through Spartanburg exceeds thirty miles, passing on through Union until it empties itself into Broad river at the old town of Pinckney. By may persons this

river, from the Grindle Shoals, the head of flat-bottomed boat navigation, up to the State line, will be considered as scarcely inferior to, if it does not rival, the bold and turbid Tyger.

With this view of the hydrography of a single District, the correctness of which is unquestionable, we may well challenge competition, so far as water power is concerned, with any State in the Union. With the raw material at hand,—rivers that never freeze up in winter,—water power cheap and abundant,—bread stuffs plentiful,—a grain-growing country like western North Carolina in our neighborhood,—a mild and salubrious climate,—slave labor to aid our enterprise,—iron ore to an unlimited extent, and its manufacture successfully carried on at our very doors,—a state of unprecedented prosperity coupled with a spirit of enlightened legislation aiding the cause of education and internal improvement,—who, when the most of our resources shall have been developed, will venture to predict the future greatness and glory of South-Carolina,—or to estimate the wealth and importance of her mountain districts?

#### LEARNING.

IT is not by comparing line with line, that the merit of great works is to be estimated; but by their general effects and ultimate result.

When learning was first rising on the world, in the fifteenth century, ages so long accustomed to darkness, were too much dazzled with its light to see any thing distinctly. The first race of scholars, hence, for the most part, were learning to speak rather than to think, and were therefore more studious of elegance than truth. They thought it sufficient to know what the ancients had delivered; the examination of tenets and facts was reserved for another generation.

In nations where there is hardly the use of letters, what is once out of sight, is lost for ever. They think but little, and of their few thoughts none are wasted on the part in which they are neither interested by fear nor hope. Their only registers are stated observances and practical representations; for this reason an age of ignorance is an age of ceremony. Pageants and processions and commemorations gradually shrink away as better methods come into use, of recording events and preserving rights.

False hopes and false terrors are equally to be avoided. Every man who proposes to grow eminent by learning, should carry in his mind at once the difficulty of excellence, and the force of industry, and remember that fame is not conferred but as the recompence of labor, and that labor, vigorously continued, has not often failed of its reward.

Literature is a kind of intellectual light, which, like the light of the sun, may sometimes enable us to see what we do not like; but who would wish to escape unpleasing objects, by condemning himself to perpetual darkness?

## THE WEDDING.

"Not only, Sir, this your all-licensed fool,  
But other of your insolent retinue  
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth  
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,  
I had thought, by making this well-known unto you,  
To have found a safe redress."

BRIGHT rose the sun of a New-England morning in October, about the year 1811. But long before the sun had thought of tinging the east with his rosy beams, Mrs. Gridley was on her feet, busily hurrying up stairs and down, from the breakfast room to the milk room,—from the milk room to the meal-tub,—from the meal-tub to the larder,—from the larder to the kitchen,—and, from this crowded *depot* of burnished pots and shining ladles, back to the breakfast room, taking a timely peep, every now and then, at the black-walnut-framed clock, that had ticked its dolorous measure, time out of mind, in the self-same spot;—though much brisker than usual this morning, from its late ablutions of soap and bees-wax. Then the north room and the south room,—so called,—were narrowly investigated, to see if all was right there;—the former, having been carefully hung in white some days previous, and the latter, in party-colored trappings, in honor of coming events. By this time the sun was up,—and so was the remainder of the Gridley family.

Isaac Gridley was a man well to do in the world; that is, he had money at his command, owed nobody, kept a bright look out, and in a moral point of view, had always done well,—so every body thought (himself not excepted) but *one*, and that one,—(my very ink blushes blue with the disclosure,)—*was his wife*. Mrs. Gridley had not, like Narcissus, pined herself into a daffodil, by contemplating either her own beauty or the beauty of anything, either in heaven above, or on the earth beneath;—she admired nothing,—loved nothing;—and yet, she was wasted away to a very skeleton. It could not have been for lack of food,—her garners were full. It could not have been for want of air and exercise,—she lived in the country, and in New-England too, where air is a staple commodity, and nobody took more steps, year in and year out, than Mrs. Gridley. Certain rumors were in circulation, that dame Nature had not furnished her with a very happy disposition. But this is a censorious world, and although Mrs. Gridley was never known to be in a good humor but twice in her life, yet it is more than probable that dame Nature was not half so much in fault as dame Education. Children by nature are very apt to be peevish and self-willed, and unless education,—whose duty it is to look into these matters,—interpose her timely authority, ten to one but she will find herself out-generalled in the end. Those evil propensities which at first might have been easily corrected, after being allowed to "grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength" from childhood up, will, at length, become confirmed by habit,—immovable as the everlasting hills.

Isaac Gridley jogged on in an even course,—laid out his farm,—assisted his workmen to plough and sow,—gathered in his crops,—

bought and sold; and if he chanced,—as sometimes chance he must,—to make a “*poor spec.*,” as the phrase went,—wo to the slumber of his eye-lids for many a long night, unless his good genius could furnish him with some ready means of escape, by which to convince his conscientious rib, that he actually had or actually *would* get the better in some other bargain soon. But even then his sleep was not insured, poor man! If a crop failed, or a calf died,—as sometimes die they will,—“*It was all Gridley’s fault;*” and if neither crop failed, nor calf died, why then, either Gridley had the rheumatism, one of the workmen had broken his leg, or the cows got into the meadow, or the pigs into the corn, or a mouse into the meal-tub, or a goose slipped her yoke, or a colt his halter,—in short, every chastisement which human and brute agency combined, could inflict, to keep her forever in a stew, was sure to be inflicted;—and, for the winding up of every catastrophe, she had the same, never-varying solo;—“*It was all Gridley’s fault.*” He had an expressive fashion of screwing his mouth a little on one side and saying—nothing.

But with all her perplexities and worrying discomfitures, it is due to Mrs. Gridley to state at large, that twice in her life, every thing in the *onset* went well. In years gone by, her brain, ever fruitful in projects, hatched up the idea, that the house would go to destruction (and every thing in it of course) unless it was painted red. The whim took. The house,—outside and inside,—barn, out-houses, horse-shed, cow-house, hog-pen, hen-roost, garden-fence, door-yard fence, every thing, in short, about the premises, that could not cry out *forbear*, was painted red. Mrs. Gridley was in perfect ecstacies for a week, and in all probability might have continued so as much longer, but that the very hens forsook their nests with affright, and fled to the neighboring barns. It was a sad affair. Every art was tried to entice them back, but in vain; they could not endure so much finery. Poor things!—it cost them their lives! She gave orders for their immediate destruction, declaring they were a most worthless breed of poultry,—and, “*It was all Gridley’s fault.*” But many years have passed since that tragical event, and not a year, or a month, or a day, but brought its own cares and vexations. It was the marvel of many who were in the daily habit of hearing her sorrows recounted, how on earth she had managed to hold out so long in the land of the living; while some, in fact, went so far as to hint the heathenish idea, that possibly what remained of her was not herself, but her shadow.

It is time, however, to return to the happy morning before mentioned,—which furnishes the second grand epoch in the life of Mrs. Gridley. Her only offspring, Miss Clementina Marmalina, was on the eve,—or rather the morn,—of matrimony. The very day had at last arrived, and Mrs. Gridley was half frantic with delight. She liked the bustle, and the finery, and the parade, and nothing suited her better than to outdo her neighbors. But the main-spring of her happiness found its origin in another source. Her daughter, the accomplished Clementina, had, in her youth, been a celebrated belle. She had broken, nobody knew how many hearts, and out of sheer revenge for such barbarity, these broken-hearted swains had, as if by mutual consent, kept them-

selves at a safe distance; and, at length, as time rolled on, she found herself in danger of making the fearful *tour of thirty* without a guide. Whatever might have been her sufferings, however, in the dread perspective, they were never revealed by herself. But her less cautious mother was often heard to lament the dreary prospect. "They should have to maintain her the rest of her life, she 'sposed. It was a killing shame, *that it was*. There was nobody in *the whole thirteen United States*, that would make a better wife than *our Clem*,—that *she* knew, for she had teached her *herself*,—and the time *was*, when she use-to-could have been married often enough, *that* she could;—both ministers, and doctors, and merchants, and lawyers use-to-could have had her; but now!—well,—*It was all Gridley's fault.*" Now, however, all these calamities were about to be averted. "*Our Clem*" was about to be taken off her hands! and then, besides, what fine doings they would have at the wedding!—and sure enough they had.

It is not necessary to enter into a political discussion, in order to prove, that, in our happy republic, where kings are held in abhorrence, and titles are trampled under foot, every town, village, and neighborhood, has its lords and commons; and, that instead of one king to rule the nation, we are, in fact, a nation of kings. The case is a plain one. *Liberty, equality and mutual rights* being our national standard, the grand secret is open to all;—and the veriest *plebeian*, without purse or pedigree, or even education, has a just right to think himself as good as the best;—and who shall gainsay him? He therefore will not submit to be a commoner; and, in the true spirit of republican freedom, he collects around him a parcel of bold spirits like himself, and is crowned king on the spot. The lords and ladies, however, will not brook such usurpation,—the right whereof belongs to themselves! and so they marshal their forces and maintain a choice community, or *oligarchy*, of their own. But even this has its head or king, and thus we move on a most kingly nation of republicans.

In the vicinity of the red barn, the standard of *Equal Rights* had for some time waved its proud banner in doubtful triumph. Isaac Gridley, as I have before hinted, was a man well to do in the world; and notwithstanding his knowledge of the fact was, perhaps, sometimes illustrated by a little modest boasting, yet in the main he bore his good fortune with tolerable meekness, and in all probability, would never have entered the lists for precedence with any one, could he have managed, poor man, to govern his own household. But his help-mate, with all her other virtues, was determined to be at the head of the oligarchy. Nobody was quite equal to them in point of birth;—her husband's father was a very large man, and her own father was distinguished in some way, I forget how,—but at all events the honors of their ancestry were unquestionable;—and as for wealth and grandeur, nobody had quite so much money as they, or lived in quite so red a house. The point was therefore settled in her mind beyond the power of contradiction. But there were some, who took the liberty to think differently. They laughed at her high notions and her foolish speeches, and derived consolation from the thought, that if she had double their *pride*, they had double her *sense*. This, however, availed little with her. If they laughed, she scolded,—

and if her husband attempted to advise her on the subject,—she only scolded the louder. So that, on the whole, he had come to the wise conclusion, that as “what could not be cured, must be endured,”—he would just let her manage *politics* her own way. The wedding, therefore, besides the numerous advantages already enumerated, would furnish a grand field for the display of her political tact; and, true to her purpose, she resolved it should be conducted on the old aristocratic plan;—that the gentry of the neighborhood should be present to witness the ceremony, and none *but* the gentry, and they too, should be of her own choosing. Accordingly, some days previous to the joyful event, invitations were sent to all such persons as were considered worthy of such distinguished honor—the happy writer of this authentic memorial was one of the favored few. But it is useless to waste words. The momentous hour approached. No sooner had the shades of evening twilight stole over the autumnal landscape, than the red house was lighted up, and the delighted guests began to assemble. Mrs. Gridley glided from room to room like a sylph, or a fairy queen, distributing smiles and cordial greetings to every new comer, until they had all assembled to the number of thirty or more,—when the signal was given, and the lovers were ushered into the room. The bride looked enchantingly,—and the mother looked enchanted. The buzz of admiration was at length hushed, and the solemn rites were in the act of commencing,—when a sound as of ten thousand chariots, and horsemen with trumpets, cow belis, tin horns, tin kettles, drums and drumsticks, bugle horns, powder horns, pop guns, and other implements of war, burst on the astonished ears of the affrighted audience, and struck dismay and consternation to every heart. The venerable parson was unable to proceed, for the din of war was at the very door, and the roar of artillery was overpowering as an avalanche. Suddenly all was again silent, and the gaping multitude were just beginning to breathe again, when the door opened unbidden, and in stalked the whole battalion;—headed by a chief, or king, who bore on his head the national standard, “LIBERTY, EQUALITY, AND MUTUAL RIGHTS.” Their features were disguised by paint, and their costume was more like that of savages of the forest, or Milton’s host of fallen warriors, than that of civilized men. They marched in a straight line through the whole suite of apartments, and then halted, maintaining a dignified and savage-like silence. The bride was near swooning. Mrs. Gridley shook like an aspen-leaf, and called on Gridley to put them out. But what could he do, single-handed, against so many Indians? He *invited* them out politely, and then *threatened* them with the *law*;—but there they stood like so many painted posts, and would neither move lip nor limb.

At length, as nothing could be done with them, and as the evening was wearing away, it was agreed that the nuptial rites should proceed, and the ceremony was concluded without interruption. Cake and wine, and abundance of knick-knacks were then produced; and while these were passing from guest to guest, the savage chief drew from beneath his ample robe a large brown jug, and a huge dish of *pot-luck*, which he, with many dignified bows, distributed among his followers. The guests quaffed their wine, and the savages quaffed the contents of

the jug. The guests nibbled their cake, and the savages nibbled their potatoes. Smiles and titters and whispers ran through the gay circle. One thought he recognized neighbor such-a-one through his painted guise;—another was *sure* he recognized Mr. so-and-so, and commended his spirit;—but not a word or *look* of recognition passed between the parties;—the guests, of course, understood their duty better. When at length the savages had finished their repast, and had quaffed again from the brown jug, they took their departure;—and no sooner was the door fairly closed on them, than the welkin resounded with the well-known air, "*Hail Columbia.*" But oh, such an air! The whole creation of jars and discords screaming at once, in mutinous concert, could never have made such a racket. It was impossible for human gravity to hold out,—and the whole house echoed with laughter. But Mr. Gridley was sad and silent, and out of respect to him the majority of the guests did try to command their risibles. Some wayward lads, however, who either could not or would not make the effort, left the house and joined the musicians without. Poor Mrs. Gridley fell into violent convulsions, declaring "*it was all Gridley's fault.*" Mr. Gridley screwed his mouth a little farther to the left than usual, and said nothing. The bridegroom, happy man, of whom not a syllable has yet been spoken, was literally a man of peace, and of few words; he, too, said nothing. The bride sympathised with her afflicted mother; and after protesting that neither her father nor her husband had the spirit of a flea, she succeeded in fainting away. The guests retired to their respective homes to make their own comments. The beating of tin kettles and the firing of pop-guns, accompanied by other marshal noises and loud demonstrations of joy, continued to annoy the neighborhood till a late hour, when silence was again restored; and, on the following morning, the sun looked forth as bright and as calm as if nothing had happened.

Towards noon, however, a report was in circulation, that a formal complaint had been lodged with the civil magistrate, in behalf of the State, for a foul riot committed on the premises of Isaac Gridley, &c. by certain persons therein specified and named. The law took its course; and those persons who had had the good fortune to be invited to the wedding as guests, had now the misfortune to be summoned to court as witnesses. Some, on the day of trial, appeared, and some paid their fine and staid at home. The rioters were all present to a man. But either the lawyers and judges had been bribed, or the oligarchy was disloyal, or the rioters could not be identified, or the spirit of liberty had stopped her ears to the cries of justice—or from some other cause not known to the historian—the plaintiff lost his case, was compelled to pay the costs,—and the never ending conclusion is still ringing in his unfortunate ears to this day—"It was all Gridley's fault." A.S.K.

## FROM OUR ARM-CHAIR.

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To OUR PATRONS AND THE PUBLIC.—The Southern Literary Journal has now been in existence between one and two years, and has been sustained, during that period, by a friendly feeling in the community, and a generous and steady support. Embracing articles of a popular character, and coming monthly into the hands of its patrons, it is calculated, as is believed, to subserve better the objects and wishes of the reading public, than a ponderous quarterly journal, replete with elaborate and grave discussion, and which is but seldom published. Monthly Journals, accordingly, throughout the United States, have sustained themselves better, and been better sustained by public opinion, than the heavier Reviews, which meet the demands, and accommodate themselves to the tastes, of only the most learned and critical readers. Where education is as widely diffused as it is in our country, and is a blessing brought home to the door of every citizen, each individual feels an interest in the current literature of the day, is anxious to share in the improvements of an enlightened age,—and popular journals, whose numbers appear regularly, and at short intervals, create a lively interest, and skilfully conducted, may be made to bear beneficially upon the best interests of the community, and to exert a healthful influence in enlightening the minds, and elevating the aims of the whole people, while they, at the same time, contribute largely to innocent and elegant recreation. A Southern journal of literature, published in a country abounding with accomplished and erudite scholars, should, however, embody the opinions of those who are capable of giving a high tone and character to the literature of the South, and, consequently, to American literature. It requires no magic art, should there fortunately be a concurrence of opinion as to the promotion of the object by those most competent to aid it, to accomplish these two results in the pages of a monthly periodical. This work, which has heretofore assumed only the character of a magazine, will therefore be so modified hereafter as to answer these ends, and its title be slightly altered to meet this arrangement. It will embrace able and elaborate Reviews. from the most competent and distinguished pens, or, as may occasionally be preferred, articles in which an entire subject shall be treated, setting forth opinions, to which the work will steadfastly adhere, and for which it will be responsible. So much is due to the learning and high literary character of the community in which we live. The lighter kinds of literature, those proper to a popular Magazine or Journal, will receive their due share of attention, more, in fact, than they have hitherto done. The co-operation of many writers has been secured, who are capable of imparting additional interest and brilliancy to this fascinating department. The literary notices of recent works issued from the press will also be extended, and such arrangements have been made with the largest publishing houses in the United States, that they will be received and attended to, as soon after publication as possible. In order to accomplish

these objects, the work will be enlarged, without any increase of expense to its patrons, but a more extended circulation will be necessary. An appeal, therefore, is respectfully and urgently made to the literary public, and to the whole community, to aid us in the accomplishment of objects which have only for their aim the development of the literary resources of the country, and, consequently its general welfare. This work has hitherto been, and will hereafter continue to be, published under the auspices of the Literary and Philosophical Society of South-Carolina, whose members have afforded it important aid by their patronage and literary contributions. In respect to its past course and its present claims to consideration, we append the following recommendation from gentlemen whose high standing is well known throughout the South, and is calculated to secure respect to an expression of their opinions:—

"The subscribers feel a deep interest in the success of the SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL, as a work calculated to advance the literary character of the Southern country, and as a proper vehicle for the exercise and display of its talent. They have learned with great pleasure that its patronage has been steadily increasing, and that, with a moderate effort on the part of its friends, it must certainly become permanent and prosperous. This effort should not be withheld, and with a consummation so desirable in view, they beg to recommend it still more to the favorable consideration of the Southern community. Devoted to our various yet peculiar interests, it is an agent which may be made valuable in the defence of our institutions, not less than the organ of our thoughts, studies and recreations. They freely tender their approval, therefore, to its past course, and earnestly urge, and warily encourage its editor to still greater exertions, which must be pleasing to his patrons, and will secure their continued countenance.

Hon. ROBERT Y. HAYNE,  
Hon. J. HAMILTON,  
JOSEPH JOHNSON, M. D.  
Hon. C. J. COLCOCK,  
C. M. FURMAN, Esq.  
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Rev. JOHN BACHMAN, D. D.  
JAMES H. SMITH, Esq.  
Rev. JOHN FORREST,  
BENJAMIN F. DUNKIN, Esq.  
JACOB AXON, Esq."

**COLERIDGE'S LETTERS.**—A small volume of letters, conversations and recollections of the late S. T. Coleridge, (as it would seem, by his consort,) has been put before us: and though we have looked over it with considerable interest, we are not prepared to say that it strikes us as possessing any very valuable characteristics. The letters are those received by one individual, and must, of course, form but a very inconsiderable portion of those which have been written by the deceased. They seem to have been put forth rather with the desire of serving the purposes of

the trade, than of promoting any leading purpose, either of subserving the fame of the writer, or of meeting any very pressing demand of the public. Still they have their value, as, though brief and few, they teem with many of the better characteristics of their author. With his quaintness, and sometime affectedness, they possess much that is novel and profound; and though sometimes apparently harsh, in reference to persons, they seldom fail, in the end, to exhibit a redeeming and christian spirit. They have also not a few passages which belong to the history of Coleridge's life, as a man and author. They occasionally tell us of his difficulties and his doubts, and a humiliating picture of his necessities, hitherto unknown to us, is unfolded in more than one passage of the correspondence. Take the following for example, which we have read with a melancholy interest, and which we commend to the consideration of our readers. It contains a glimpse into the prison house of a great but unappreciated author. It shows him in his struggles and his schemes—it develops the secret springs of his sorrows, and unveils a few of those thousand cares which almost always attend the sensitive spirit, sublimated beyond mortality, yet compelled to contend with its innumerable evils. It is a mournful record, and must have greatly subdued the already humbled spirit of the author, reduced to such acknowledgments as are contained in this letter:

"It was my purpose to open myself out to you in detail. My health, I have reason to believe, is so intimately connected with the state of my spirits, and these again so dependant on my thoughts, prospective and retrospective, that I should not doubt the being favored with a sufficiency for my noblest undertaking, had I the ease of heart requisite for the necessary abstraction of the thoughts, and such a reprieve from the goading of the immediate exigencies as might make tranquillity possible. But, alas! I know by experience (and the knowledge is not the less because the regret is not unmixed with self-blame, and the consciousness of want of exertion and fortitude,) that my health will continue to decline as long as the pain from reviewing the barrenness of the past is great in an inverse proportion to any rational anticipations of the future. As I now am, however, from five to six hours are devoted to actual writing, and composition in the day is the utmost that my strength, not to speak of my nervous system, will permit; and the invasions on this portion of my time from applications, often of the most senseless kind, are such and so many as to be almost as ludicrous even to myself as they are vexations. In less than a week I have not seldom received half a dozen packets or parcels of works, printed or manuscript, urgently requesting my candid *judgment*, or my correcting hand. Add to these, letters from lords and ladies, urging me to write reviews or puffs of heaven-born geniuses, whose whole merit consists in being ploughmen or shoemakers. Ditto from actors; entreaties for money, or recommendations to publishers, from ushers out of place, &c. &c.; and to *me*, who have neither interest, influence, nor money, and, what is still more *apropos*, can neither bring myself to tell smooth falsehoods nor harsh truths, and, in the struggle, too often do both in the anxiety to do neither. I have already the *written* materials and contents, requiring only to be put together, from the loose papers and commonplace or memorandum books, and needing no other change, whether of omission, addition, or correction, than the mere act of arranging, and the opportunity of seeing the whole collectively bring with them of course,—I. Characteristics of Shakspeare's Dramatic Works, with a Critical Review of each Play; together with a relative and comparative critique on the kind and degree of the merits and demerits of the Dramatic Works of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger. The History of the English Drama; the accidental advantages it afforded to Shakspeare, without in the least detracting from the perfect originality or proper creation of the Shakspearian Drama; the contradistinction of the latter from the Greek Drama, and its still remaining *uniqueness*, with the causes of this, from the combined influences of Shakspeare himself, as man, poet, philosopher, and finally, by conjunction of all these, dramatic poet; and of the age, events, manners, and state of the English lan-

guage. This work, with every art of compression, amounts to three volumes of about five hundred pages each. II. Philosophical Analysis of the Genius and Works of Dante, Spenser, Milton, Cervantes, and Calderon, with similar, but more compressed, criticisms on Chaucer, Ariosto, Donne, Rabelais, and others, during the predominance of the Romantic Poetry, in one large volume. These two works will, I flatter myself, form a complete code of the principles of judgment and feeling applied to Works of Taste; and not of *Poetry* only, but of Poesy in all its forms, Painting, Statuary, Music, &c. &c. III. The History of Philosophy considered as a Tendency of the Human Mind to exhibit the Powers of the Human Reason, to discover by its own strength the origin and laws of man and the world, from Pythagoras to Locke and Condillac. Two volumes. IV. Letters on the Old and New Testaments, and on the Doctrine and Principles held in common by the Fathers and Founders of the Reformation, addressed to a candidate for Holy Orders; including Advice on the Plan and Subjects of Preaching, proper to a Minister of the Established Church.

To the completion of these four works I have literally nothing more to do than to transcribe; but, as I before hinted, from so many scraps and *Sibylline* leaves, including margins of books and blank pages, that, unfortunately, I must be my own scribe, and not done by myself, they will be all but lost; or perhaps, (as has been too often the case already) furnish feathers for the caps of others; some for this purpose, and some to plume the arrows of detraction, to be let fly against the luckless bird from whom they had been plucked or moulted.

In addition to these,—of my GREAT WORK, to the preparation of which more than twenty years of my life have been devoted, and on which my hopes of extensive and permanent utility, of fame, in the noblest sense of the word, mainly rest—that by which I might,

"As now by thee, by all the good be known,  
When this weak trame lies moulder'd in the grave,  
Which self-surviving I might call my own,  
Which Folly cannot mar, nor Hate deprave—  
The incense of those powers, which, risen in flame,  
Might make me dear to Him from whom they came."

Of this work, to which all my other writings (unless I except my poems, and these I can exclude in part only) are introductory and preparative; and the result of which (if the premises be, as I, with the most tranquil assurance, am convinced they are—insubvertible, the deductions legitimate, and the conclusions commensurate, and only commensurate, with both,) must finally be a revolution of all that has been called *Philosophy* or Metaphysics in England and France since the era of the commencing predominance of the mechanical system at the restoration of our second Charles, and with this the present fashionable views, not only of religion, morals, and politics, but even of the modern physics and physiology. You will not blame the earnestness of my expressions, nor the high importance which I attach to this work; for how, with less noble objects, and less faith in their attainment, could I stand acquitted of folly, and abuse of time, talents, and learning, in a labour of three fourths of my *intellectual* life? Of this work, something more than a volume has been dictated by me, so as to exist fit for the press, to my friend and enlightened pupil, Mr. Green; and more than as much again would have been evolved and delivered to paper, but that, for the last six or eight months, I have been compelled to break off our weekly meeting, from the necessity of writing, (alas! alas! of attempting to write) for purposes, and on the subjects of the passing day. Of my poetic works, I would fain finish the Christabel. Alas! for the proud time when I planned, when I had present to my mind the materials, as well as the scheme, of the hymns entitled Spirit, Sun, Earth, Air, Water, Fire, and Man; and the epic poem on—what still appears to me the one only fit subject remaining for an epic poem—Jerusalem besieged and destroyed by Titus.

And here comes, my dear friend, here comes my sorrow and my weakness, my grievance and my confession. Anxious to perform the duties of the day arising out of the wants of the day, these wants, too, presenting themselves in the most painful of all forms,—that of a debt owing to those who will not exact it, and yet need its payment, and the delay, the long (not live-long but *death-long*) behind.

hand of my accounts to friends, whose utmost care and frugality on the one side, and industry on the other, the wife's management and the husband's assiduity are put in requisition to make both ends meet,—I am at once forbidden to attempt, and too perplexed earnestly to pursue, the *accomplishment* of the works worthy of me, those I mean above enumerated—even if, savagely as I have been injured by one of the two influensive Reviews, and with more effective enmity undermined by the utter silence or occasional detractive compliments of the other, I had the probable chance of disposing of them to the booksellers, so as even to liquidate my mere boarding accounts during the time expended in the transcription, arrangement, and proof correction. And yet, on the other hand, my heart and mind are forever recurring to them. Yes, my conscience forces me to plead guilty. I have only by fits and starts even prayed. I have not prevailed on myself to pray to God in sincerity and entireness for the fortitude that might enable me to resign myself to the abandonment of all my life's best hopes, to say boldly to myself,—“Gifted with powers confessedly above mediocrity, aided by an education, of which, no less from almost unexampled hardships and sufferings than from manifold and peculiar advantages, I have never yet found a parallel, I have devoted myself to a life of uninterrupted reading, thinking, meditating, and observing. I have not only sacrificed all wordly prospects of wealth and advancement, but have in my inmost soul stood aloof from temporary reputation. In consequence of these toils and this self dedication, I possess a calm and clear consciousness, that in many and most important departments of truth and beauty I have outstrode my contemporaries, those at least of highest name; that the number of my printed works bears witness that I have not been idle, and the seldom acknowledged, but strictly *proveable*, effects of my labours appropriated to the immediate welfare of my age in the Morning Post before and during the peace of Amiens, in the Courier afterward, and in the series and various subjects of my lectures at Bristol and at the Royal and Surrey Institutions, in Fetter Lane, at Willis's Rooms, and at the Crown and Anchor (add to which the unlimited freedom of my communications in colloquial life,) may surely be allowed as evidence that I have not been useless in my generation. But, from circumstances, the *main* portion of my harvest is still on the ground, ripe indeed, and only waiting, a few for the sickle, but a large part only for the *sheaving*, and carting, and housing, but from all this I must turn away, must let them rot as they lie, and be as though they never had been, for I must go and gather blackberries and earth nuts, or pick mushrooms and gild oak-apples for the palates and fancies of chance customers. I must abrogate the name of philosopher and poet, and scribble as fast as I can, and with as little thought as I can, for Blackwood's Magazine, or, as I have been employed for the last days, in writing MS. sermons for lazy clergymen, who stipulate that the composition must not be more than respectable, for fear they should be desired to publish the visitation sermon!” This I have not yet had courage to do. My soul sickens and my heart sinks; and thus, oscillating between both, I do neither, neither as it ought to be done, or to any profitable end. If I were to detail only the various, I might say capricious, interruptions that have prevented the finishing of this very scrawl, begun on the very day I received your last kind letter, you would need no other illustrations.

Now I see but one possible plan of rescuing my permanent utility. It is briefly this, and plainly. For what we struggle with inwardly, we find at least easiest to *bolt out*, namely,—that of engaging from the circle of those who think respectfully and hope highly of my powers and attainments a yearly sum, for three or four years, adequate to my actual support, with such comforts and decencies of appearance as my health and habits have made necessaries, so that my mind may be unanxious as far as the present time is concerned; that thus I should stand both enabled and pledged to begin with some one work of these above mentioned, and for two thirds of my whole time to devote myself to this exclusively till finished, to take the chance of its success by the best mode of publication that would involve me in no risk, then to proceed with the next, and so on till the works above mentioned as already in full material existence should be reduced into formal and actual being; while in the remaining third of my time I might go on maturing and completing my great work (for if but easy in mind I have no doubt either of the reawakening power or of the kindling inclination) and my Christabel, and what

else the happier hour might inspire—and without inspiration a barrel-organ may be played right deftly; but

"All otherwise the state of poet stands:  
For lordly want is such a tyrant fell,  
That where he rules all power he doth expel.  
The vaunted verse a vacant head demands,  
Ne wont with crabbed Care the muses dwell;  
*Unwisely weaves who takes two webs IN HAND!*"

Now Mr. Green has offered to contribute from 30*l* to 40*l* yearly, for three or four years; my young friend and pupil, the son of one of my dearest old friends, 50*l*; and I think that from 10*l* to 20*l* I could rely upon from another. The sum required would be about 200*l*, to be repaid, of course, should the disposal or sale, and as far as the disposal and sale of my writings produced the means.

I have thus placed before you at large, wanderingly as well as diffusely, the statement which I am inclined to send in a compressed form to a few of those of whose kind dispositions towards me I have received assurances,—and to their interest and influence I must leave it—anxious, however, before I do this, to learn from you your very, very inmost feeling and judgment as to the previous questions. Am I entitled, have I earned a *right* to do this? Can I do it without moral degradation? and, lastly, can it be done without loss of character in the eyes of my acquaintance, and of my friends' acquaintance, who may have been informed of the circumstances? That, if attempted at all, it will be attempted in such a way, and that such persons only will be spoken to, as will not expose me to indelicate rebuffs to be afterward matter of gossip, I know those, to whom I shall intrust the statement, too well to be much alarmed about."

**MELLICHAMPE.**—We called the other day at Mr. Beile's and purchased this work, feeling an anxiety in common with the rest of our fellow citizens, to enjoy a literary treat. There are two methods of reading a novel. The first is, that in which the reader seeks amusement merely, or intellectual gratification. In this case he takes it for granted that the novelist is his friend and means to do his best to please him, and he takes up his book accordingly, with a disposition to be pleased. He reads the story with an interest proportioned to its exciting nature; he looks upon the characters that figure in it as acting necessary and important parts in an interesting drama; no incident, the most trifling, escapes his notice; he treasures up every thing in his heart; and he passes from scene to scene with breathless rapidity, giving up his whole soul to the story, fearing as the hero trembles, weeping as the fair one droops in despondency, animated as the cavalcade moves boldly on to the encounter, and full of the spirit of joy and triumph when victory crowns its valour. It is thus that most persons read a spirit stirring tale, and it is by its power to move their spirits and to arrest and sustain attention from the beginning to the close, that they judge of its merits, and pronounce it good, bad or indifferent.

Now there is another way of reading a novel—that which the critic adopts. The critic analyzes the work according to rule. He takes the whole frame work of the story to pieces and examines its parts separately. He ascertains whether or not they are all properly embraced in the leading design of the author and contribute to an imposing and important result. Do the characters act naturally and becomingly in the situations in which they are placed? Are there too many of them or too few? Are the occurrences which make the ground work of the story well timed,—suited to the age in which they are supposed to happen? Is the style adapted to the subject? Is it easy or artificial? Ornamental or plain? Is the work descriptive of

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scenery? and does the artist wield a skilful pencil? or does he aim chiefly to describe the conflict of passions and to develop character? The critic reads a novel with a view to answer these, and similar questions.

Now we have not read this novel as a critic would read it. Our aims have been less pretending. We have taken our place along with the great mass of readers. We have read for enjoyment, and what shall we say of it, or having made the above confession, have we a right to say any thing? We will merely remark, that we found in it, that which we sought to find—a source of enjoyment—a mental recreation—an exercise of mind in which attention was wrought up to the highest pitch by events of the most exciting nature—events plainly, but powerfully told. No American can read this novel, certainly not for the first time, as a critic. He will feel too deep a personal interest in every thing that occurs to be punctilioius. His heart is in the story, and overleaps all the artificial bounds of rhetoric. His country is the scene, his countrymen the actors, the love of country the great passion exhibited, and the events of the Revolution, in which that passion triumphed, the materials out of which the architect has framed his fabric of enduring beauty. The interest of the tale is all engrossing, and as we are carried along by its bewitching spell, we have no time, no thought for criticism, and yet this work will stand the test of examination as well as, and probably better, than any of the author's previous productions.

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HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF SOUTH-CAROLINA.—We have before us the *projet* of this work which will shortly be issued from the press of the Messrs. Harper, in two octavo volumes. From the acknowledged talents, correct taste, and indefatigable industry of the editor, the public have reason to anticipate a rare and rich treat in its perusal. We forbear, for obvious causes, the expression of any further opinion in regard to it, till it shall make its appearance in a substantial form.

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THE STUDY OF MEDICINE. BY JOHN MASON GOOD. M. D. F. R. S. &c. NEW-YORK, HARPER & BROTHERS, 1836.—We invite the attention of the Medical Faculty to a new edition of this standard and comprehensive work upon the different branches of science embraced in their profession. We think it comes before them with peculiar claims to their consideration. In addition to the improvements made in the original work by Professor Cooper, by a reference to the author's manuscripts and to the latest advances in medical science and practice, Dr. Doane, the present editor, has enriched this edition with numerous notes of a practical character, derived chiefly from the writings of American physicians. The object is, to present the results of American practice to as great an extent as possible,—an important design, and executed in a liberal spirit, uninfluenced by local prejudices, and under the impression, that the physicians of the United States belong to one family, all the members of which are to be treated with impartiality and justice. The work evinces great preparation and industry. Prefixed to the whole is an admirable dissertation from the learned and eloquent Bostock, embracing a history

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of Medicine from the earliest times to the commencement of the nineteenth century. Upon looking attentively over the pages of a part of this valuable and erudite work, and cursorily over the whole of it, we have come to the sober conclusion, that the study of the interesting science of medicine is too much neglected by all classes of the community; that such a work would be of incalculable service to the heads of families as a guide and monitor; and that scholars and gentlemen should add to their other accomplishments a more thorough acquaintance, than they have hitherto done, with the healing art. The present is the sixth American, from the fourth English edition, beautifully published by the Messrs. Harpers in two compact octavo volumes of between six and seven hundred pages each.

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**THE POOR RICH MAN AND THE RICH POOR MAN.** By THE AUTHOR OF "HOPE LES-LIE," "THE LINWOODS," &c. Harper & Brothers. 1836.—"Give me neither poverty nor riches, but feed me with food convenient for me," was a prayer which contained much practical wisdom. The object of this interesting and pleasing work, from the pen of the accomplished Miss Sedgwick, is to inculcate contentment under the allotments of Providence,—a virtue whose exercise will afford far better security for the enjoyment of rational happiness, than the possession of the greatest wealth and the proudest external advantages, accompanied by a restless, craving, unsatisfied temper. It is an excellent production—the offspring of a healthful mind and a benevolent heart. It may be read with advantage by all classes in the community, but especially commends itself to the young of both sexes.

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**HOME; OR THE IRON RULE.** A Domestic Story. By Sarah Stickney, author of the "Poetry of Life," Pictures of Private Life," &c. Harper & Brothers. 1836.—Like the preceding, this is a work of fine moral tendency and well executed. The style is good and the story well told. It is a work intended more particularly for the benefit of heads of families, who, the authoress justly imagines, are not always too old to be instructed in their relative duties, and who will receive these monitions with the respect that is due to a fair rambler in the rosy paths of literature, and more especially to one who wields "the grey goose quill" with much grace and ability.

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**MEMORIAL ON THE STATE OF MEDICAL EDUCATION, IN SOUTH-CAROLINA.** By JAMES MOULTRIE, M. D.—This discourse was delivered a year ago before the South-Carolina Legislature, and is the third publication put forth by the Society for the Advancement of Learning.

Waving all points of controversy between the two rival colleges of this city, Dr. Moultrie proceeds to consider, in a succinct manner, the plan of professional education pursued in the Medical College of the State of South-Carolina. He dwells briefly upon the advantages of the system here adopted, but more at length

upon its defects. He then gives an interesting and detailed account of the course of Medical education pursued in France, whose institutions he highly commends. He has introduced, also, a synopsis of the course followed in the Austrian universities, which meets with his approval. He glances at the Russian schools of Medicine which form a branch simply of a great and unique system of national education. The constitution of the German seminaries is next explained, and appears to have peculiar excellencies; next, those of Scotland pass in review before us and are spoken of in terms of disparagement. The discourse gives us a bird's eye view of the facilities for acquiring Medical education in different countries. It speaks favorably of the progress of Medical science in the United States and in South-Carolina in particular. It is full of valuable matter, and replete with interesting information. It concludes with recommending a course of legislative action in reference to the whole subject of education, embracing the department of Medicine, which if fully carried out, would meet the approbation of the friends of science, and subserve the best interests of the community at large. We regret that this valuable and excellent address has been so long held in abeyance, and that a whole year has been suffered to elapse between the time of its delivery and its appearance from the press.

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THE THREE ERAS OF THE LIFE OF WOMAN. BY ELIZABETH ELTON SMITH. HARPER & BROTHERS. 1836.—This author is inclined to moralize, and her object seems to be three-fold: 1st. to exhibit the advantages of good early culture in training the mind to happiness and usefulness; 2ndly, the importance of selecting a companion for life, whose mind, taste and principles are not abhorrent from one's own; 3dly, to point out the evils resulting from a merely fashionable education. The author is of the Edgeworth school, and the object of sound, wholesome instruction, is her principal aim. The moral lessons inculcated are excellent, and, if duly attended to, would exert a beneficial and elevating influence upon the female character.

Still the plot of the novel is defective. The author has introduced too many characters whom she has placed in nearly the same position, subjected to nearly the same trials, and who are guilty of nearly the same weaknesses. Lady Darley and Lady Sophia are well drawn likenesses of fashionable women, but there is nothing in their leading traits of character to distinguish them from a thousand similar examples to be found in every day pictures of high life.

The work abounds in beautiful passages, in which both style and sentiments are to be greatly commended. As a whole it is characterised neither by the profundity of Madame De Staël, nor the brilliancy of Lady Morgan, but it contains accurate views of human nature and the social relations, and may be read with advantage by those who, in works of fiction, would find rules of conduct, and who are satisfied with tales that excite a moderate, but not an absorbing interest.

We commend it to our fair readers as a work worthy of their attention.

